GOD'S FURNACE.

BY

ONE TRIED IN THE FIRE.

"He kindles, for my profit purely,
Afflictions glowing, fiery brand;
And all his heaviest blows are surely,
Inflicted by a Master-hand;
So I say, praying, 'As God Will!'
And hope in Him and suffer still."

NEW YORK:
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO.,
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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869,
By ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO.
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

EDWARD O. JENKINS,
PRINTER AND STEREOTYPER,
No. 26 North William St.

PREFACE.

THE children of God are led in various ways to glorify His name and show forth the praises of their Father in Heaven. The Psalmist says, "I have not hid thy righteousness in my heart. . . . My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof and be glad. . . . Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" Thus, for the Divine glory alone, an attempt is made in the following record of religious experience to magnify the wonderful condescension of God our Father to a worm of the dust made a miracle of grace through the righteousness of Christ. Throughout the religious life of the writer, the power of Christ has rested upon her in an unusual manner; and though often lost in wonder, love and praise, and conscious that she had no right to hide Christ's righteousness,

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she had never supposed that she could be induced to publish anything of her own experience through the press. But, led as she believes by the teachings of the Holy Spirit, she now offers this record of grace to the public. The name of the writer is withheld. Let God's grace alone be seen and magnified. In that day when "the books are opened" Jesus shall own her worthless name among the least of His followers. If, by this narrative, the humble shall be made glad—if any shall be quickened to love God more perfectly, to sink deeper into all the depths of redeeming love, and rise higher in praise and adoration—then will not this effort have been made in vain.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

I MAKE the following statement in compliance with the request of the publisher for an introductory note to this little volume. Last summer, while statedly preaching in a certain church, I was informed that a lady was living in the place, whose spiritual history and experience were deemed remarkable; and who believed that her peculiar vocation was to spend her life in prayer. The character of the persons who gave me this information was such that I sought an interview with the lady, and in this way formed her acquaintance. After a while, I learned that she had a manuscript in her possession, detailing her own spiritual history. I earnestly requested that I might be allowed to see it. Having read it with great interest, and, I trust, profit, I suggested that if it were printed it could hardly fail to do good to others; and I offered to do what I could, with the author's consent, to get it published. Accordingly, I left it in the hands of the present publisher, with a note, of which the following is an extract:

"I leave for your inspection a manuscript of spiritual experience, which has lately fallen into my hands. . . . It records the experience of a Christian woman of superior

natural talents, with respect to the nature and efficacy of prayer, which I know to be genuine, and which I think to be remarkable. I know of no publisher as likely to appreciate its true character as yourself; I have, therefore, submitted it to no other, and shall make no further attempt to get it published, if your judgment should be unfavorable. . . . The author is still living, but refuses to allow her name to appear."

The judgment of the publisher thus addressed, concurred with my own: and hence this little book is now given to the public, with the earnest hope that it may be divinely blessed to the increase of that faith in prayer which rests upon the promise: "*What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.*"—Mark xi. 24.

J. H. McILVAINE.

PRINCETON, April 21, 1869.

GOD'S FURNACE.

CHAPTER I.

"And He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver; and He shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness."—MALACHI iii. 3.

I WAS the second daughter and fourth child of my parents. In infancy I was dedicated to God by my mother, in the church of which she was a member. I was from childhood surrounded by religious influences — brought up and indoctrinated in the true faith. From my earliest recollections I felt the movings of God's Spirit upon my soul. As I listened to those older in years who enjoyed the favor of God, while they talked of their trust in Christ and their hope of Heaven, I felt an intense desire to be a Christian.

When I was about nine years of age, the place where my parents resided was visited with a gracious revival of religion. The Spirit of the Lord was poured out on all the town and vicinity;

God worked in a wonderful manner among the people; business was in a measure suspended, and all with one accord seemed to feel the mighty presence of the Holy Spirit, and many cried, What shall I do to be saved? Another church of Christ was at this time formed and established among us, and was instrumental in a great ingathering of souls to Christ, but the great majority of converts united with the church in which I was brought up. To most of the people, however, the knowledge of sins forgiven and the witness of the Spirit as the privilege of all Christians, was a strange doctrine. Many now heard this teaching for the first time, and those who had been groping in doubt and despondency were enabled to see their high privilege and rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, the Holy Spirit bearing witness with their spirits that they were the children of God. I was at this time a pupil of the Sabbath-school where my teacher instructed me in the duty of daily secret prayer and the reading of God's word. I felt the influence of the Holy Spirit and my heart yearned after God.

When I was sixteen years of age, there was another great awakening in the place where I lived. It commenced with a very powerful work in the Methodist Church. But all of the churches

were more or less visited by the Holy Spirit. The church of my mother felt deeply the workings and movings of the Spirit. I was powerfully awakened; felt that I was a sinner in the sight of God, and that without pardon and a new heart I would be forever lost. I attended all the anxious-meetings, and was a sincere seeker after God.

At this time a friend whom I highly respected and loved, while endeavoring to point me the way to Christ, said to me: "Why do you not go and hear the great revival preacher at the other church? I was astonished that she should ask me such a question, and replied: "Our own pastor is good enough for me, and besides, I despise those people. I would not degrade myself by going into their church." My friend replied that I was wrongfully prejudiced against them; that if I would only hear this minister I would think differently. Before I left her I gave my promise that I would go that evening. I went. As I entered the church, I looked around to see if any one present knew me, feeling myself degraded by being seen in such a place. I sat down near the door. The minister was in the pulpit; he arose and read the hymn, prayed, and took his text. As he spoke it appeared as the voice of God to me; as if he saw right into the depths of my heart. It seemed

as if every word he spoke was meant for me. I bowed my head, I could not look up, the great deep of my heart was stirred. The minister closed his sermon, came down and invited all who desired to be saved, to come and bow at the footstool of mercy. I wanted to be saved, oh yes, I wanted to be saved; but I felt that I would almost as soon be lost as to accept this invitation. Then, oh how clearly, I heard the voice of God saying to me, "choose."

At this moment a tall, ungainly woman came to me and put her hand upon my shoulder, as I was bowing my head on the front of the seat. She called me by name, I knew her voice, I believed that she was a true Christian, but her manners were so masculine and uncouth that I despised her. I am sure that one week before I would not have been seen walking across the public square with her, for anything that could have been given me. Yet this same despised disciple of Christ stood at my side and invited me to go and do as I had been requested. I arose and followed her. As I bowed down I felt that all of the world was given up; my pride was humbled in the dust. Now in deep humility I could seek the Lord. I saw that I was a sinner in the sight of God; that without pardon I was forever lost; that I would sink into perdition.

I cried to God for mercy. I was told to believe; to cast my sins on Jesus, but oh how dark to my mind was the way of faith! I knew not how to believe. Night after night I continued to bow at the same place, but found no comfort, no peace.

The fourth night after leaving the church, I was almost in despair. I went to the house of my brother-in-law — who was also seeking the Lord — to pass the night. In the morning I felt more encouraged. I was praying earnestly, when some Christian friends came, and proposed I should join my brother-in-law, who was in another room of the same house seeking the Saviour, and they would pray with us until we found peace. After earnest prayer, my brother-in-law was converted. Then all came and knelt about me, encouraging me to believe. It appeared to me as if they almost carried me on the wings of their faith; that they almost believed for me. By degrees light broke in; I felt that Jesus was near, and I just trusted my all to him. I said, "I do believe; Jesus saves me *now*." A great calm followed; peace rested on my soul. The language of my heart was: "My God is reconciled, His pardoning voice I hear; He owns me for His child; I need no longer fear." Clearly did the Spirit witness with my spirit that I was a child of God. I felt great

love for all Christians of whatever name. I loved the Bible; I loved prayer as I never loved it before. I no longer feared to die, but earnestly I desired to live a consistent Christian.

CHAPTER II.

"Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."

The first cross that I really felt after joining the church was speaking in class-meeting. It was so different from the customs of the church in which I had been brought up. But feeling it such a cross led me to pray more fervently that Jesus would give me grace to bear it and follow Him. I well remember the first time I arose to speak in class. With much emotion, and a tremulous voice, I said that I believed I was a child of God; I felt the Spirit of God bearing witness with my spirit, and I earnestly desired to live a true Bible Christian, and prayed God that if He saw anything that would prevent my being wholly His, if it were as dear to me as a right hand or a right eye, He would cut it off, or pluck it out, to make me and keep me wholly His. This was said not as a mere form of words, but it came from the deep recesses of my heart. Truly I was but a babe in Christ and of weak faith, but I was sincere, earnestly sincere, and admitting that I had but little faith, yet it was *real faith* and it

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took hold on God. My after life will reveal how God my Saviour recorded my prayer and fully, completely answered the desire of my heart. To His honor and glory be it made known.

Although I daily enjoyed much of the presence of the Lord yet I soon began to feel the rising of pride, anger and unbelief. What a struggle it was for me to believe, to take God at his word! Yet I realized that I was kept by Divine power and that the Holy Spirit was striving to keep my evil propensities in subjection; yet I much desired that God would more entirely take possession of my heart; that all pride, all anger and unbelief might be rooted out and God possess me entirely. I daily attended to secret devotion, the reading of God's Word and the duties of my class.

After a few years, death entered our family circle—a lovely sister, next younger than myself, was taken from us. Her death was happy, yea, triumphant, and through God it was the means of my father's conversion. He soon came out a decided Christian and joined the church, in the season of another outpouring of the Holy Spirit. I felt deeply my sister's death, and ardently desired to live nearer and nearer the Lord.

Soon after, another death occurred in our family. The husband of my eldest sister was taken, leaving

her a widow with an only child, a little boy nine months old. My path to heaven was made more thorny; I began to realize that life was indeed a warfare, that we must fight if we would win, and I earnestly prayed, "Increase my courage, Lord," deeply realizing that it was only through Christ that I could conquer sin and gain my crown.

At this period a certain person was permitted by God to entertain the bitterest feelings of jealousy towards me, and for a long time in after life she watched over me for evil, highly coloring and misrepresenting all my actions. My purest and best intentions were misconstrued and turned into evil, and my good was evil spoken of. This was a severe affliction to my young, inexperienced heart. It tried my faith. I felt the need of more grace. My only resource was prayer, and as I pleaded before God how sweetly did my Saviour put His everlasting arms around and underneath me and support me. I received grace to forgive, to "do good for evil," to "love my enemies," yes, to love their souls while I deplored their evil doings.

In a few years my eldest sister was taken seriously sick. At the commencement of her illness she was so unwilling to die, that I prayed God to spare her and let me die in her place, but my Heavenly Father willed otherwise. My work on

earth was not yet done, God's will was not yet fully accomplished in me. My sister before her death became fully resigned, gave up the world, gave up her child, and was fully prepared to meet her God. She gave her little boy, then three years of age, to me. At the time I did not realize the heavy responsibility she laid upon me. After her death I took the child and cared for him, with the assistance of my mother, as if he had been my own. He soon wound himself about my heart. It was no hardship to care for him; indeed, it was my pleasure, my life. Fervently did I pray to God to give me grace and wisdom to train him for the Lord.

Three years after this, death again entered our family and took my youngest and only remaining sister. I was now left the only daughter of my parents, with two elder brothers. I felt these bereavements, which came in such rapid succession, most keenly. They showed me the vanity of all things earthly, and led me to realize that this was not my home. I began to understand that it was good for me that I had been afflicted, that afflictions led me nearer and nearer my Saviour, to drink in more of His Spirit, to become more like Him; my faith was increased, yet still I struggled much with unbelief.

As my nephew advanced towards manhood I

felt more deeply my responsibility, realizing God would hold me accountable for his soul. had now arrived at an age when he was prepa for college. He left me. I felt so deeply dangers that would surround and the temptatio that would be presented before him to entice hi into evil, that in my agony I engaged in secr prayer five times a day, pleading with God to de wer him from temptation, keep him from sin anc e evils that surrounded him.

Just about this time God allowed me to be se- ely afflicted, yea, sent upon me such deep, ific, heart-rending suffering, that it well-nigh my life. I was by nature proud; not vain, *proud*. Perhaps few have ever lived upon as proud as I was. I felt a conscious supe- of intellect, and looked down upon those me, believing myself better than they. I ut a few moments' conversation with any measure his intellect; then in my own placed him on his proper level, and myself greatly above him. I had a g, iron will. God only knew how to tell this of myself to show why God, took such severe measures to break completely to eradicate my pride, self, and fully prepare my heart temple of the Holy Ghost. I

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Just about this time God allowed me to be severely afflicted, yea, sent upon me such deep, terrific, heart-rending suffering, that it well-nigh took my life. I was by nature proud; not vain, but *proud*. Perhaps few have ever lived upon earth as proud as I was. I felt a conscious superiority of intellect, and looked down upon those about me, believing myself better than they. I needed but a few moments' conversation with any person to measure his intellect; then in my own opinion I placed him on his proper level, and imagined myself greatly above him. I had a will, a strong, iron will. God only knew how to break it. I tell this of myself to show why God, my Father, took such severe measures to break that will and completely to eradicate my pride, empty me of self, and fully prepare my heart to be truly a temple of the Holy Ghost. For

nearly two years, perhaps, few persons have ever lived that have endured more agonizing suffering in the same length of time. Fellow-mortals were the means of inflicting this suffering upon me, but I fully realized that it was God who permitted it; that men could do only as God permitted. The tongue of slander was raised against me; my character was attacked; I was accused of crime which in my inmost soul I loathed and abhorred. I could no more have been guilty of what I was accused than I could have committed murder or taken my own life. What intense mortification I felt—what untold agony I endured! I could appeal to my past life. Had not my life been strictly consistent and upright? Then why, oh, why did God permit me to endure such shame and ignominy? I murmured against God. I contended with the Almighty. I could not bow to the will of God. I was not willing to have such evil said against me. I groaned in agony before God. At night, as I lay down to sleep, I would pray that I might never again wake on earth. Oh, that I might sleep the sleep of death! I could only give vent to my feelings in groans. The pains of hell had got hold on me. I seemed to have some understanding of what the damned in hell suffer! What torture of mind, what agony I endured! I was indeed carried without the gate to suffer and

endure the shame. I could understand in some faint measure what Christ endured when He sweat great drops of blood in the garden; and on the cross, when He said, "My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" My sufferings were so extreme that my frail body sank. Sickness ensued; I came near to death; oh, how I desired to die! But God did not permit me to die. No, I was to live and learn to endure all His will. God raised me up from this sickness, and gave me strength and grace to suffer on. In all this agony and bitter suffering I could pray. My only relief was in prayer. Seven times a day I bowed before God in secret; yea, almost every breath was prayer. I could groan out my petition to God. How I pleaded with Him for grace to bow to His will. During much of this time I was obliged to entertain a great deal of company at my father's house. When in the presence of others, I made every effort to appear calm and cheerful, and succeeded, for but few of my friends knew of the untold agony of mind that I was enduring. Often when endeavoring to entertain persons in our house, I would feel underneath the calm which I manifested to others, an anguish that could only have found relief by shrieking aloud.

CHAPTER III.

"Glorify me in the fires."

I RECOLLECT during this time we had a terrific thunder-storm — a terrible gale. The roofs of houses were carried off, chimneys were blown down, trees were uprooted. It lasted during the entire night. The next morning my pastor called in, and during his conversation with me, said, "What a terrific storm we had." I replied, to me it was most glorious; I only wish that I could have seen the earth open and swallow up towns and cities! He looked at me in astonishment, and said, "Why, do you feel thus? Is it because it so corresponds and agrees with the great struggle that is going on within you?" I bowed my head but did not reply, for I was greatly surprised to find that he knew of the agony that I was enduring. Yet I could remember how often he had called in, and so kindly, so sweetly talked of Jesus, but never once alluded to the cause of my suffering. How truly kind my dear Christian friends were, how tenderly they watched over me. May God reward them.

In this terrible state I was at one time bowed

before God in prayer, beseeching Him to tell me why I was called to endure such suffering and shame, appealing to Him for the uprightness and integrity of my motives, and groaning before Him for the afflictive hand that seemed to lie upon me more heavily than I could imagine I deserved. My heavenly Father spoke to me, yea, lifted the vail and let me see myself, the natural depravity of my heart, the hideousness of inbred sin, the terrible corruption of my nature. Oh, how fearful was the sight! I loathed myself, and stood appalled before God. I shrank in terror as I saw and deeply realized the odiousness of the sin of my heart. The sight was so dreadful that I could not endure it longer and live. I cried to God to drop the vail and hide it from my view, or I should die. Never since that time have I felt that I by nature was any better than the vilest wretch that ever lived. If my life had been up right and consistent, it was not that I by nature was any better than others, but because I had been religiously trained and educated. I had grown up under the constant influence and restraining grace of God. Had I been brought up under corrupt and vicious influences, I should have been just as vile as others. I could stand before God only as clothed with Christ's righteousness, and as I had His Spirit in my heart. I

was greatly troubled as I lay before God and begged Him that for the sake of Jesus, and alone for His glory, to grant me grace to bow to His will.

There was a series of meetings held at this time in our own church. Our pastor had engaged a brother minister from a distance to assist him. During a call which he was making at our house he told me that the minister he expected was a very holy man; that he lived in a higher state of grace than ordinary Christians. He knew that I would enjoy a conversation with him as well as be delighted to hear him preach. This gave me a great desire to see him and listen to his teachings. He came, and it was my privilege to hear him. As he stood before the people with power and unction proclaiming Jesus as a perfect, complete Saviour, one who saves to the uttermost, and that it was possible for professing Christians to live in a state of grace in which they would have no will contrary to the will of God, and that the blood of Christ cleansed them from the least and last remains of sin, all my attention and interest were aroused. I thought, Can it be possible that I can attain to a state of grace where I shall have no will contrary to the will of God? Again and again I went to hear him proclaim "full salvation." I was hungering and thirsting after righteousness.

One day as this brother was at our house, conversing with me on the possibility of Christians living in the higher state of grace, I asked him if he thought it possible for a child of God to have enough of grace to be willing to be traduced and grossly slandered; willing to be wrongfully accused of great wickedness? He replied, Why, yes, sister; and then told me of his own experience where wicked, designing persons had raised reports detrimental to his character. He was willing that men should do and say about him just what God permitted them to do and say. I replied, It must require a great degree of grace to be willing to have such things said of you.

The same afternoon, this brother, while preaching, explained and made very clear the way to enter into the experience of full salvation. He said, we must not only feel a deep conviction of sin in order to this more perfect work of grace, but we must make a complete and entire consecration of ourselves to God. We must lay self upon the altar; give up all, our will, our character, our time, talents, property—everything; be willing to be anything, or nothing. And as we thus abandon ourselves to God we must believe that He accepts the offering, and we should soon realize the Holy Spirit bearing witness that the blood of Christ cleanses us from all sin. I re-

turned home from church: felt that I now knew the way; that I had light and was fully resolved, come what would, that I would comply with the conditions required. I entered my room, closed the door, and knelt before God; and as I knelt, I said: Lord, help me now to consecrate my all to Thee! As I commenced praying, it appeared that my petitions went right to the throne of God; that the throne was near to me, just above me. My heart seemed like an over-burdened vessel, from which I commenced casting overboard one thing after another; my character, my good name, my time, talents, the world, honors, riches, health, life, *every thing;* and as the last idol of my heart was cast into the deep, I said to God, *I do believe*, and immediately, just above my head, was a light above the brightness of the sun. It shone upon me, covered me; it filled the room; and such a deep, deep peace filled my soul as I have no language to express. Yes, I was filled unutterably full of glory and of God. All my agony of feeling, all my torture of mind, was gone. The opinions of men or what might be said against me were but motes in the sunbeam. God filled my soul; I felt swallowed up in Him. It appeared as if heaven had come down to earth, God was so near to me, so filled me. Oh, what love! "Let rocks and hills their lasting silence

break." What a sacred awe, what a silent heaven of love occupied my heart; what feelings of supreme adoration reigned within me! I wanted nothing, I desired nothing but God. How changed was every thing to me! How fully I realized things unseen and eternal! How insignificant were things of time and sense! how fleeting, how vain, were all things here below! How easy was it for me to believe my loving God! It was as easy for me to believe as it was for me to breathe. What a calm rest my soul felt in Christ, like a vessel on the ocean in a terrible storm, well-nigh engulphed by the furious waves, and suddenly anchored in a calm harbor, *safe, safe from all harm.* I felt a *rest* in Christ which no event of earth could disturb. For days I did not wish to see any one; all I desired was to be alone with God, that I might commune and talk with Him.

CHAPTER IV.

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

VERY soon Satan came as an angel of light, and suggested, You have the blessing of full salvation, but you had better, as you are situated, say nothing about it; just live it, but do not profess it. For a moment it looked so plausible that I assented, and said, Well, perhaps it would be better for me to live it, and not profess it. Immediately a cloud came over my mind. I ran right to God and asked Him if I should confess and make known the great things that He had done for me? Soon my heavenly Father made me to understand that I must not "hide His righteousness in my heart."

The next day, in conversation with the brother who under God had been the means of leading me into the blessing, I told my simple story, all the particulars of my late experience. He said, "My sister, you enjoy full salvation just as much as I do." When he was leaving, he said to me, "Sister, I will give you an opportunity to-night to confess what the Lord has done for you." I

replied, "Oh, brother, not in a general class-meeting. I will tell what the Lord has done for me in my own private class, and to my intimate friends." "No, sister," he answered, "you must dare to confess Christ publicly, and thus put the devil at once under your feet." The brother left me, and I went to my room and prayed God to give me grace to be willing to confess his righteousness even in public, if it would glorify His name.

I went to church that evening with some trembling, knowing, although it was a general class-meeting, that there would be many persons present from other churches who did not believe in full salvation. The brother, soon after the meeting commenced, said: "There are some present this evening who have lately received the blessing of full salvation; let them arise and confess what God has done for them." One and another spoke; at last I arose and said, "Through grace I can say that I love God with all my heart, with all my soul, with all my strength, and I love my neighbor as myself." I then sat down; but, oh, how strong I immediately felt in the Lord; I indeed realized that the devil was under my feet. I felt that if all the world should doubt the state of grace which I professed, I would, in the strength of God, stand alone.

From that time I constantly realized the in-

dwelling of the Holy Ghost, that my life was hid with Christ in God. My communion with God was constant. The Bible was to me a new book. As I read it by the light of the Spirit it was indeed to me the Word of God in a sense that I had never known before. The promises of the Bible were *mine*, given me by the Holy Spirit, and oh how sweetly they would be brought to my remembrance as if an angel spoke to me. I felt that every prayer I uttered, every petition I made to God, would be answered, because I knew that I desired nothing, I wanted nothing but His will. That passage, "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage," was brought to my mind by the Spirit with great force. I immediately bowed before God in prayer and asked, for His own glory, to grant me grace to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made me free, to let me never backslide to a lower state of grace, but to put a thorn in every path that would draw me away from God; lay upon me any suffering necessary to keep me at the foot of the cross and seal me forever His. Soon I felt the clear witness of the Spirit that I was *sealed* forever the Lord's; that I would never backslide or lose the grace I now enjoyed, but would be kept by the mighty power of God close to the

bleeding side of Jesus while I lived. Now I felt that I was eternally saved; just as sure of heaven as if I were already there. Yet this assurance did not prevent me from constantly praying that I might be kept, for I continually felt that I needed the merits of Christ's blood, and realized that Jesus was constantly interceding for me. Prayer was no longer only a duty but a glorious privilege. God was always near me. Before I called, He would answer; and my prayers would often be turned to praise and such adoration of God that I have no language to describe it.

The preceding year of my Christian life had been very different. Although I realized that I was a child of God, and daily felt His Spirit witnessing with mine, yet the life of God in my soul was stifled and kept down by the uprising of the roots of evil in my heart. My enjoyments of God were interrupted by the strivings of unbelief, and I felt a constant warfare to keep the life of God in my soul; I now saw that much self-righteousness had been mingled with all my former acts of devotion. All my former religious life came up before me as if it had been written in a book. I saw how tenderly the Lord had watched over me. How fully and completely the prayer I offered up from my heart the first time I spoke in class-meeting after my conversion, was answered. Just the

afflictions and sufferings that were necessary to pluck out a right eye and cut off a right hand, yea, annihilate my will, destroy self, crucify me to the world and the world to me, had been given me, and the work had been effectually done. I had not suffered one particle too much. I thanked God in my soul for all the suffering that He had permitted to come upon me. For my enemies I had no feeling but love, and I could say with Paul, "Would to God that they were altogether such as I am, except these bonds." I would not inflict on them the suffering that I had endured, but I wished their hearts were as full of God as mine. Truly I could say, "No good thing hath been withheld from me. All things have worked together for my spiritual good." I realized that I was nothing—that it was only as God dwelt in my heart, and as Christ's righteousness covered me, that I was accepted in the sight of God. My desires for the knowledge of this world were gone, I now desired the wisdom and knowledge that come from heaven. I could truly say with David, "As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so pants my soul after Thee, O God!" Oh, what communion I had with the Father, with the Son and with the Holy Ghost. The Trinity which had always been such a mystery to me was revealed, made clear to my mind by the Holy Spirit

At one time, while in sweet communion with the Triune God, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost overshadowed me. I can but imperfectly describe this manifestation; language fails me when I attempt it; neither can I tell of the deep, holy, heavenly communion that I then had with the Three Persons in the Trinity. What perfect adoration I felt for the Triune God! If I had an angel's tongue I might tell it, but human language is too faint to describe the deep things of God. The Holy Spirit did indeed continually "take of the things of God and reveal them unto me." It is true that I lived on earth, but I *walked and talked with God.*

Soon I began to feel a burden of prayer for individuals and for the church. It was very common for me to awake at three o'clock in the morning with a heavy burden of prayer which would hold me pleading with God, sometimes for hours, till I realized that my burden was cast on the Lord. When those for whom I was led to pray resisted the influence of the Spirit, my burden was greater. I now understood what the command meant, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ." I continued to groan out these inspired petitions before God, and led by the Holy Spirit I could comply with the injunction of the Apostle, "Be careful for nothing,

but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ." The most insignificant matters, as well as things of greater moment, I carried to my Heavenly Father. I truly realized that in every word I spoke, every thought uttered, all I did, yea, in every event and movement of my life, I was guided and led by the Holy Spirit. How strange it appeared that I had been contented for so many years to live at such a distance from God, when it was my privilege to enjoy such close, intimate communion with my loving Father. Oh that all Christians would live up to their high privilege, and walk with God as did Enoch of old! How highly favored are we, worms of the dust, that we may come covered with Christ's righteousness, into the immediate presence of God, yea, into the Holy of Holies and talk with God face to face!

CHAPTER V.

"He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him."—PSALMS cxlv. 19.

IT may be asked if I was constantly filled with joyous emotions? was I never in heaviness through manifold temptations? I answer, I did not depend on frames, or feelings, or joyous emotions. "I walked by faith and not by sight." Often for days I would feel bowed down through manifold temptations, but my faith in God would never be disturbed. Underneath all the sorrow of spirit, I had peace and rest in Christ. I felt moved to pray for wisdom that I might continually be wise as a serpent, but harmless as a dove; that I might be quick to discern the temptations of the devil, and ever have grace to resist them. God heard my request and gave me the wisdom I sought, and I have ever been enabled to know the approaches of the enemy even when he appears as an angel of light. Often when bowed down by temptation I knew that the Lord permitted it for the trial of faith, and I would say to my God and Father, "Let it endure as long as Thou seest necessary, and let it do me all the good Thou in-

tendest; then beat back the powers of darkness." My faith has been greatly strengthened by every such trial.

I was thus learning more and more of God as I continually cast all my care upon Him. My anxieties for myself, for my family, for the church, He permitted me to cast upon His strong arm. My dear nephew was given to Him wholly, unreservedly. He led me in His kind providence to make a distinct dedication of this beloved one to Him. One Sabbath, during a college vacation, I accompanied my nephew to church. A minister from a distance preached. Taking for his subject the sacrifice of Abraham, he urged upon parents and guardians the duty of dedicating their children to the Lord, as did the Jews of old. The appeals that he made to parents and guardians awakened unusual interest; I thought of my nephew who was sitting near me. His parents were both dead, and he had been left in my care by his mother. All the responsibility rested upon me. Was I willing to give him up to the work of the holy ministry? I recalled his childhood when his mother had given her son to me, of my care of him, and the manner in which I had brought him up. I felt that I could appeal to God that as far as in me lay I had endeavored to bring him up for the Lord, and I said,

"If Thou wilt accept of him, I offer the child to Thee, and if there is any failure or fault in his training or education, let the evil of it rest on me rather than on him; but, my Father, accept the child a spotless offering." Instantly, as I said this to God, the Holy Spirit overshadowed me, and more clearly than language can express was the witness given that God accepted the offering, that my nephew would be converted and become a minister of the Gospel. A heavenly peace flowed through my soul. From that moment I was just as sure that my nephew would be called to preach the Gospel, and at last reign with Christ in glory, as that I breathed. I kept all these things in my heart. All my anxious care for my loved one's salvation was gone. I enjoyed the sweet, peaceful assurance that he belonged to the Lord, and that He would call him to His service in His own time. I still continued to pray for him that he might be kept day by day from evil.

Some months after this, his next vacation occurred. On Sabbath-evening he went to the Presbyterian church as usual, and I attended my own church. When I came home I found him there before me, and waiting to see me. He begged me to come to his room. I found him bathed in tears, and under deep exercise of mind. I said to him, "What is the matter? why do you

feel so bad?" He replied, "Oh, aunt! I am such a great sinner; you don't know what a wicked heart I have; this evening, while sitting in church, all the sins of my life came up before me. Do pray for me, I am such a sinner in the sight of God." I knelt and prayed with him, then pointed him to the Saviour, and made plain to him the way of faith. For three days he continued to agonize before God for the pardon of his sins. During this time he never left the house. His distress was so great that he could think or talk of nothing else. His minister called repeatedly, prayed and conversed with him. Other friends, chosen of the Lord, also came in and talked to him of Jesus. The third day he found peace in believing, accepted Christ as his Saviour, and enjoyed the Holy Spirit's witness with his spirit that he was indeed a child of God. In a short time he offered himself as a candidate for admission to the church, and soon he felt that it was his duty to study for the ministry. Of his life, the way in which God led him, I will speak more hereafter.

I cannot make known by words the deep gratitude I felt to my God for His great goodness. My soul did magnify the name of the Lord. What a covenant-keeping God is ours; we have but to believe and wait upon Him, and He does

for us more than we can think or ask. My confidence was strong that God would accomplish all His will in my nephew. I could quietly and calmly trust him for the future.

About this time many very remarkable answers to prayer were granted me, one or two of which I will relate: I was accustomed when Satan approached me as an angel of light, to appeal immediately to God, thus trying the spirits. One day while engaged in reading the Bible, suddenly my mind was filled with very unpleasant and vile thoughts. Instantly I thought it must be from the adversary, and said to God my Father, "If it is Satan that is suggesting such thoughts to my mind, I ask Thee, in the name of Jesus, to banish them forever." Immediately they were gone, and I could not recollect even what they were about, nor have I ever since remembered them. To the glory of God be it made known.

At another time it was necessary for me to have a large tooth extracted, and I always suffered so severely when my teeth were being extracted that I was led to pray much that I might have grace to bear all the pain that it would be necessary for me to endure in this operation. The morning of the day on which the dentist was coming, I was moved to go repeatedly to my room and pray most fervently for grace to endure the pain. The den-

tist came; I sat in the chair, my brother holding my head. The doctor took his instrument and cut around my tooth, then took his forceps, drew with all his strength, and then was obliged for a moment to rest; again he took the forceps and succeeded in taking out the tooth. During all this time I felt no more pain than if I had been incapable of suffering. I believe that this interposition of God in preventing pain was not merely to save me from physical suffering, but to exemplify the glorious truth that He hears the cries of His children, and *fulfils their desires*, and also for the purpose of strengthening my faith in His power to "*do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.*" I only asked for strength to endure the pain, and God saved me from *even feeling* it! Oh, how I was moved to adore my God, who had done for me beyond all I had asked or thought! I said nothing to the dentist, who was not a Christian, but I told my brother all the particulars—how I had prayed so fervently that morning, and how wonderfully God had answered me.

At another time I had a violent pain in my side, and desiring to attend meeting in the evening, I prayed to God, if it was His will and for His glory that I should go, to relieve me of the pain in my side. Instantly it was gone!

At another time I was taken suddenly with pleurisy; the pain was so violent at every breath that I groaned aloud. This time I did not have the pain removed, but God gave me grace not only to bear the pain but to rejoice that I suffered! I praised the name of the Lord that I was permitted to suffer. This illness proved quite serious. I remained ill for some weeks. My friends thought my recovery doubtful, my strength was reduced, my nervous system shaken. As I began to recover I regained my strength so slowly that I could scarcely perceive any amendment from one day to another. One morning as I had been placed in the easy chair, supported by pillows, I was so exhausted by the effort to sit up that for a moment I felt that in all probability I should remain the rest of my days a helpless invalid. Preferring rather to help myself than to receive assistance, it did indeed appear to me in my weak state of health a great cross thus to live. Satan, too, came in as an angel of light, and said to me, that I could no longer be of any use in the world, being so enfeebled both in body and mind; that it would be much better for me to go to heaven. I immediately cried to God and He gloriously manifested Himself to me. He condescended to come down to my feeble capacity and explain to me that my work on earth was

not yet done; no matter if my health should be so feeble, and I should never again be able to leave my room, yet while I lived I could *pray*. Then was revealed to me, as I never understood before, the mighty power of prayer. That the arm of God was stayed or moved only as some of His children were praying; that "prayer moves the arm that moves the world;" that it was the means that God had appointed through which to bless the children of men; and that I, desiring nothing but the will of God, could, through prayer, shake this earth and call down blessings upon the children of men, the greatness and extent of which eternity only could reveal. Language can but imperfectly express all that God by His Spirit revealed to me of the power of prayer. I was lost in wonder, love and praise, while in my heart I thanked God that I still lived and could pray. The beauty and sublimity of the Lord's prayer I more fully understood than I had ever done before. Never since that time have I given utterance to any part of it without a deep awe and reverence. The words, "Thy kingdom come," and "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven," fill my soul with thoughts unutterable. Will He not in answer to the petitions which His own Spirit inspires, cause turnings and overturnings until all this earth shall acknowledge the

great Jehovah; until Christ shall reign king of nations as he now reigns king of saints? Oh, let me be "little and unknown, loved and prized by God alone," while I silently and unobserved pour out my sincere petitions to Him who I know will ever lend a listening ear.

My health gradually improved, but I never fully recovered my former strength after this sickness. I daily realized that it was my meat and drink to do and suffer the will of God. The yoke of Christ was indeed easy and His burden was light. I was not without crosses; for God saw that it was still necessary that I should have a thorn in the flesh that I might not be exalted above measure. But I had learned through grace to "count it all joy when I fell into temptation." I felt such perfect submission to the will of God that I could ask for neither sorrows nor joys, but what was His will, what would lead me to lie lower under the cross, closer and closer to the bleeding side of Jesus. I constantly realized the Divine presence and the realities of eternity. All things of earth appeared so vain and fleeting that I greatly wondered how Christians could have their minds so engaged with things of time and sense. It was no effort for me to think of God, for He was in all my thoughts, and prayer and praise were but the outbreathings

of my heart. How wonderful that the Lord God, Maker of heaven and earth, should condescend to dwell with such a worm of the dust. What! *companionship* with the Father, with the Son and with the Holy Ghost! Sometimes I attempt to give utterance in words to the deep and intimate communion that I have with the Triune God; but oh, how powerless are words to reveal the deep things of God. I wonder not that Paul when taken up to the third heaven, saw things that were unutterable. The natural man hath not seen what God doth reveal to us even while we tarry here below. Truly I can say, "He leadeth me in the green pastures and beside the still waters." How precious it is to listen to the voice of God; to be *so still* that we may *hear the Spirit saying to us, "This is the way, walk ye in it."*

CHAPTER VI.

"We glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope."

Again we were visited as a family by death. This time God called the head of our house, my beloved father, to his home in heaven. Since his conversion, he had lived an earnest, consistent Christian. As he passed through the valley of the shadow of death, he found Jesus very present with him. His end was peaceful. He fell asleep in Jesus, but we mourned his loss. None but those who have been similarly afflicted know how deeply I felt his death; yet through all I could say, "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." How thankful I felt that I was permitted to minister to the wants of my beloved parent in his last sickness and see him safely over the Jordan of death, safe in the promised land. I had stood at the death-bed of three of my sisters and had seen them pass away to their home in heaven, and now my father too was gone. I felt homesick, and a strong desire to mingle my spirit with theirs in

the glories of the better world. Our family now were just equally divided; half in heaven and half on earth. I believe that we shall yet be an unbroken family in the skies. What pains the Lord takes to save me! Every affliction of my life has been sanctified to my good, thus leading me nearer and nearer to Him.

My nephew had now finished his college course, and being fully satisfied that he was called of God to preach the Gospel, entered the Theological Seminary preparatory to the ministry. Truly the Lord had been leading him by His Holy Spirit, fully convincing him that there was no higher honor than to be a co-worker with God in saving souls. What a wonderful answer to my prayers! It does appear to me that I could as soon cut off my arm as doubt my God and Saviour! Why, my heavenly Father has never failed me; He has always been true to His promises; yea, has done for me exceeding abundantly above all I could ask or think. I cannot mourn over any doubts and fears, for, thank God, I have none. I feel no inclination to doubt my loving God. Satan will sometimes tempt me to distrust, but the temptation finds no echo in my heart; the love of God fills every avenue. And oh what glorious answers to prayer do I continually receive! I could not tell them all—eternity will

reveal them. And how divinely near and tenderly precious is the Lord to me in what the world calls sorrows and afflictions. I call them blessings in disguise.

The treachery of some persons was revealed to me through some circumstances that took place at this time, which caused me great grief. These persons I had ever held in the highest esteem, and believed them to be true children of God. The spirit manifested by them in this event was so contrary to the Spirit of Christ that I cannot express what sadness of heart it gave me. In my distress I cried to God; I uttered a wail of agony that pierced the throne. Instantly my Saviour appeared personally, close by my side, and said, "For the hurt of the daughter of my people am I hurt." It appeared to me that my head was really reclining on Jesus' breast, and I experienced the Divine sympathy to a degree that I cannot express. My Saviour then made known to me the fellowship of His sufferings, and I realized that Jesus not only sympathized with me but was really suffering with me. Oh, the bliss of suffering with Christ; of having fellowship with Him in suffering! It is utterly impossible to make known by language the deep, unutterable bliss that I felt during the short time that my Saviour thus revealed Himself to me. It

appeared to me afterwards, in thinking of this manifestation, that I would have been willing to have endured all the suffering of my past life for the enjoyment that I experienced at this time. It was a taste of heaven that I had never before experienced. I now understood, as I never did before, why the martyrs of old were so anxious, yea, strove, for a martyr's crown. Oh yes, it is a high honor to be counted worthy of suffering with Christ. He reveals Himself to His suffering ones as He does to none other of His children. Thank God that I, a worm of the dust, am counted worthy of having fellowship with Christ in suffering. How humbled, how overwhelmed I felt at the goodness and condescension of God to me. I cannot give vent to my feelings by words; I just silently adored God. I *perfectly loved* and *adored Him*.. Oh, the silent heaven of love! There is a happiness in God that no language can express. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness to the children of men."

As time passed I was continually learning more and more of God, sinking deeper and deeper into the boundless ocean of his love. Oh the height, the depth, of the riches of his grace! My cry was, O my God, enlarge my faith's capacity, that I may take in more of Thee! My pathway continued to be strewn with afflic-

tions, which God, in mercy and great kindness, gave to me to quicken me in the way to heaven; to keep me low at the foot of the cross, close to the bleeding side of Jesus. Thus I was continually learning to rejoice in tribulation, feeling at all times that the joy of the Lord was my strength. I felt an increasing desire fully and perfectly to glorify God. My heart was ever breathing out intense desires to Him that His will might be more fully done by me; yea, that His will might be done in, and through, and by me, just as perfectly as it is done by angels in heaven. I panted to know more and more of God; to sink deeper into His love. See how God answered my prayers by what I shall now relate:

My nephew had completed his studies and had become a minister of the Gospel of Christ. His desire was to go as a missionary to the heathen. He finally decided to go on a domestic mission for one year before going to the foreign field. He left his home to labor as a domestic missionary in one of the Southern States, but he never reached his field of labor. He was suddenly arrested by disease, and in a few weeks returned to his home to die. As he lay on his dying bed he breathed the spirit of his Saviour; he felt that his work was done, and that he was going home. Oh, what a heavenly spirit he had; how ripe for

glory! Heaven was beaming in his countenance as he talked to me of Jesus and heavenly things. I thought the Lord was preparing him to labor here on earth, to be a co-worker with Him for many years in saving souls. But his work on earth was done, and the Lord called, for He had need of him in heaven. Grace was given me even in this dark hour to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." But how dark and mysterious was this affliction, and how keenly I felt it, my Saviour only knows. I realized that my loving God had done it, and could say from my heart, "Thy will be done." But how dark and mysterious that he should be thus cut off on the threshold of his work. I was bowed in deep sorrow and sadness. I groaned before God, I felt so crushed in all my purposes and plans for usefulness. It appeared for a time that God withdrew from me all comfort, and I truly realized with David, "Thy waves and Thy billows have gone over me." Satan was allowed to cast his fiery darts at me. I cried and moaned before God, and He then put his everlasting arms around and underneath me and lifted me above the waves. Then, oh how sweetly did angels minister unto me. The Holy Spirit explained to me that God would work in ways that I knew not, neither

could conceive. Even my nephew's *death* should bring greater glory to His name than if he had lived a long life of usefulness here on earth. I then felt that my heavenly Father designed some great good in this deep affliction. I cannot better express the state of my mind at this time that in the following letter, addressed to one of my former pastors, which will show how grace enabled me to triumph even in this mysterious affliction.

LETTER.

"REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,—I have been for many weeks back impressed with the conviction that I must write to you. I have tried to reason myself out of it, but a silent voice would say, Write! Well, I will be obedient to this voice, which I well know to be the Spirit's bidding. Oh, how full my heart is; how much I have to say to you; how often I have yearned to see you, that I might pour out all my feelings, all my thoughts. How amazed and confounded I am, realizing God's deep and tender love to me. I have no language to tell of it. Oh for the tongue of an angel to lisp His praise. I can only sit and silently adore my God and Saviour. Great God, what pains Thou art taking, and hast always taken, to save me! And, oh, what severe measures have I obliged Thee to resort to! May God

continue to glorify His name in, and through, and by me, while I live! For the nine past years I have known no will but God's; I have known what it is continually to offer up myself a living sacrifice. And now, in this deep trial of my faith, I stagger not at the promises. I can yet say, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in him.' God, my Father, often tries and proves my faith, but, oh, how severely of late. My nephew, who in early life I laid upon the altar, God accepted, raised him up to manhood, anointed him, and clothed him with power from on high, and permitted him a few times to preach to dying sinners, then called him to a more exalted mission and a higher home. The unction of the Holy One so rested upon him that I thought surely the Lord is preparing him to be a co-worker with Himself in saving souls. But his Father was preparing him for glory. Yes, he was the Lord's and He took him. His will be done, His will be done. 'Clouds and darkness are round about Him: righteousness and judgment are the habitations of His throne.' As God knows my heart I could even then say, God has done it, 'let Him do what seemeth good in His sight.' But oh, how dark! How my poor feeble body quailed beneath the blow! The stroke was so sudden, it almost took my life. For days I groaned in spirit; all I could

pray, all I could say, was, Great God, great God! Oh that I may rise above the waves! I had unconsciously been planning a way in which I could glorify God; but by one sudden stroke He crushed my hopes to the ground, and, to my feeble sight, left me nothing to live for. I was prostrated and lay in the dust, saying, O my God, Thou hast done it. For a few days God sent his angel to minister unto me. I was lifted up above the deep waters; the light of heaven shone upon me; I arose and said to my Father, I will live, yes, I will rejoice to live without any plans, without any objects to live for, only to glorify Thee, O my God, in Thine own way. 'Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine; the labor of the olive shall fail and the fields shall yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold and there shall be no herd in the stall: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.' Now when I rise in the morning I abandon myself to God—my thought, my time, all my powers—and say, Triune God, cover me, influence me, shine through me, in any way Thou canst most to Thy glory. Glorify Thyself, do Thy will in, and through and by me, this day. At night I thank God that His will is done, no matter what has taken place. If I have suffered or re-

joiced, whether I have spoken or kept silent, it is none of my business; God's will is done whether I can understand it or not; I praise His name. The Lord Christ shall reign King of nations. He has full power to conquer this world of ours, win souls to Himself, with or without our poor feeble efforts, as best pleases Him. What can man do, a worm of the dust, only as God shines through and works through him? Then what business of ours is it if God is only glorified? What matter if we live long or die early; if we suffer or enjoy, only so that the will of God is done and His name glorified?

"You know, brother, I have often told you that the Lord had chosen me in the furnace of affliction; that all my sufferings were only blessings in disguise; they all 'yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness.' Since the Lord has taken my nephew to Himself, He has filled the place, made up the loss, by giving me more and more of His Divine nature, uniting me closer to Himself. Never before was Jesus so precious. The Triune God so reveals himself to me, oh, how very near does heaven appear. There is only a vail that separates it from earth. At times I close my eyes and it appears as if I were in the midst of the heavenly throng praising and adoring God. Heaven is all around me, all about

me. I am filled with God, with glory. Truly our lives are hid with Christ in God. We are heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. What a glorious inheritance is ours! God of love, precious Saviour, blessed Comforter, glory be to Thy holy name!

"Ever yours till we meet above."

CHAPTER VII.

"That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death."
—PHIL. iii. 10.

FROM the time that I first received the blessing of full salvation, I realized that I had no will contrary to the will of God. It was no effort for me to bow to the will of God. In every event I felt perfect submission; but since my nephew's death I have received such an increase of grace that I am enabled to *rejoice* in the will of God, and even to triumph and exult. I have no language to express what intense love and adoration I feel for the Divine will. No matter what takes place, only so that I realize that *God's will is done, I rejoice.*

In another letter, written about a year later, I find a further record of my experience.

LETTER.

"MY DEAR SISTER,—At the close of your note you requested me to write to you. Since then I have been thinking much of you, desiring to tell you of my trials and of my triumphs as I have

been wont to do in days that are passed. You know of my experience, years gone by, that I have never dared to hide Christ's righteousness in my heart, but as the Spirit gave me utterance, I have let it shine out, giving all the glory to God. I can truly say of myself, 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' Yes, the Lord God Almighty deigns to dwell in my heart, and abide there, without any rival. He talks with me as a man talks with his friend. He makes known to me His counsels, reveals to me His will, and continually feeds and fills me with His love. Jesus is mine and I am His. 'My life is hid with Christ in God.' What have I to fear though men and devils rage? 'Roar on, ye waves; my soul defies your roaring to disturb my soul. Rage while my faith the Saviour tries, but cease when He shall say, Be still.' 'For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' I am Christ's. Yes, Lord, I am all Thine; do with me as Thou wilt; give me ease or pain, give me joy or sorrow, give me sickness or health, what matters it so God is glorified? What matter how I fare on this earth so that the will of God is

done and His name glorified. One only desire I have, that while I live God may continue to glorify Himself in and through and by me in greater power than he has ever done. Oh how well I know what a poor, weak worm of the dust I am; yet the Lord does condescend to shine through me. Right well I know that the Lord does hear and is answering my prayers—to God be all the glory. I do know that through Christ I can take right hold on God and move the arm that moves the world. Oh, the power of prayer. Holy Spirit, continually teach me how to pray, for I know that Thou wilt ever hear Thine own yearnings! The Lord's name be praised. Oh that everything that hath breath might praise the Lord. I will rejoice in the Lord and joy in the God of my salvation while I live, and when I get home to heaven I will cast my crown at Jesus' feet and praise and adore Him for ever. How vain are words, how little they express. When this mortal shall have put on immortality, then, then I can make known the goodness of the Lord to me. I have no wants or wish or desire contrary to the will of God. His will is my will—let His great name be praised. I can with Paul glory in the cross, rejoice in tribulation, count it all joy when I fall into temptation. Glory be to God that I am permitted to have fellowship

with Christ in suffering. Tongue cannot tell the happiness and ecstatic joy that I experience in suffering with Christ. Suffering with Christ! how can we but rejoice with joy unspeakable? I can say with Paul, 'I know both how to be abased and how to abound, everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to suffer need.' Oh that I had language to make known to you how the Holy Spirit continually takes of the things of Christ and reveals them unto me; how I am continually knowing more and more of God, sinking deeper and deeper into His love. 'O the height, the depth, the riches of His love.' I can sit by the hour and commune with God, but it is in language that earth cannot understand, silently adoring the Triune. Remember me in much kindness to Brother L——, and bid him for me God speed. How highly privileged are you both in being permitted to be co-workers with God in saving souls. Oh the value of souls! May God work through you in great power. May you be mighty through God in saving souls and tearing down the kingdom of Satan.

"Your sister in Christ."

One Sabbath morning as I was sitting in my room reading and meditating on the Word of

God, the ninety-first Psalm was given to me by the Holy Spirit with great power, particularly the first verse: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." I very frequently had promises of the Bible given to me by the Holy Spirit, but never before with such power and unction as at this time. The Divine influence was so great that I was conscious of being in the immediate presence of God. It really appeared as if God spoke the words to me; that they were in a special and peculiar manner mine. The meaning of the passage, the full import and the all-powerful protection promised by God to me I realized. I did, indeed, dwell in the secret place of the Most High, and God told me that I ever should abide under His shadow. The security, the perfect protection of constantly abiding under the shadow of the Almighty conveyed a meaning beyond the power of language to express. Truly I could say, What can harm me, of what need I be afraid, although all earth and hell should encamp against me? I have nothing to fear, for I abide under the shadow of the Almighty. And what heavenly communion I had with my God while He thus talked with me and made known the almighty protection that continually overshadowed me. All the promises of that precious

Psalm were given to me as if I were the only person living for whom they were intended. In all this I was greatly amazed at the condescension of God.

The next day my Heavenly Father let me down into a furnace seven times heated. Satan was allowed to assail me in every point with all his fiery darts. Often before have I had severe conflicts with the adversary, but never one so terrible as at this time. It did appear as if all the powers of hell were combined to assail me. I hung by naked faith on God. My feelings were like one holding on to a rope over a deep precipice, and the rope continually giving way. I could see nothing, feel nothing but the terrible fiery darts. Oh such fiery darts! none but those who have gone through such conflicts know. Yet through all this I believed; yes, it was naked faith in God. I groaned before God and said, Father I abide under Thy shadow and claim in the name of Jesus all the protection implied in the promise Thou hast given me. I felt that God knew all that was implied in that promise more than my feeble mind could take in, yet I asked for all that was comprehended in it.

The Lord tarried, yet He did come, and with what power did He deliver me! "He did lift up a standard against the enemy, who indeed came

in like a flood." Gloriously did the Lord deliver me, and this trial increased my faith. Precious it is in trial to plead the promises that have been given us by the Spirit; precious the ninety-first Psalm to me; for ever since, in time of trial and danger, I claim its protection.

Shortly after this I was led to visit some friends at a distance, some of whom were in peculiar trial and suffering. I had been prepared by the late struggle through which I had passed to encourage the faith of those suffering disciples; so I found that my faith had been strengthened not only for my own good, but by it I was more fully prepared to help others in their Christian warfare.

Again, in a very unusual and marked manner, God aroused my mind to the vast importance and the blessed power of prayer. He showed me that I was unusually privileged in living so near and in such intimate communion with Him, and that He would hold me responsible for all these things at His bar.

At one of our national crises when persons all over our land were becoming bankrupt, money was scarce, and the poor thrown out of work were suffering, God especially condescended by His Spirit to make clear to my mind the great power of prayer in this way: Suppose that the Rothschilds should make me one of their heirs, with

full liberty from the present time, and while I lived, to draw upon them for any amount I chose, for myself, my friends, acquaintances and all good and charitable purposes, would I not quickly avail myself of this privilege and relieve those in embarrassments and help others in their poverty and distress? and would I not draw largely and thus assist all good and charitable objects? Then God said, What are all the riches of this world, which so soon perish, in comparison with the riches of heaven which endure through all eternity? What is all earth in comparison with the value of one immortal soul? And I, the Lord God of heaven, have given you full liberty to draw upon me for any amount of heavenly riches for your friends, neighbors and the world at large, and all the promises of the Bible are so many checks that you may present in the name of Jesus, and they are cashed upon demand. Would that I could by language make known how clearly God revealed to me the mighty power of prayer. I felt so clearly and deeply what was required of me and what would be my responsibility at the bar of God, that I was overwhelmed and lay before Him in the dust for days, and cried that He would teach me how to pray, that I might ask only what was His will and for His glory. I intensely desired to answer the end for which I was

born, that I might do just the work, perform just the mission that God designed in placing me upon earth. It is only as I receive grace, moment by moment, that I can fully do the will of God. Sometimes, for hours, I groan out my requests to Him that His will may be done, His name glorified. How full of meaning is that prayer, "Thy will be done," and how glorious, too, that we are permitted to join in the prayer for the reign of Christ on earth. O Lord, teach us how to pray; inspire and then accept our prayer!

At the commencement of the rebellion of the Southern States I was led by the Holy Spirit to agonize before God in intense, ardent prayer. The great agony of my soul was that our Union might be preserved and that we might be saved from the evils of civil war, which I feared would extend over the entire land. This deep burden of prayer lasted for seven days. I could scarcely eat by day or sleep by night; the suffering was so intense that I groaned in spirit and besought the Lord that He would save our Union and preserve us a whole and united people. The last day, as I was groaning in deep sorrow of spirit before God, He spoke to me and said, *Be still.* Immediately I was quieted and listened to hear His voice. He then said to me, If it is my will

to divide the Union, are you willing that it should be done? Which do you desire, that the will of God be done, or that the Union of the States be preserved? For an instant I was lost in astonishment; it never having occurred to my mind that it was possible it could be the will of God to divide our Union But I immediately answered, O my loving Father, I desire above everything, Union or no Union, that Thy will may be done. Then God answered me, that His will would be done, and that even this war would result in bringing about His glory. That men could do only what He permitted; that I must rest quietly in Him, and not be troubled no matter what took place, or what turnings or overturnings there would be, ever remembering that God was at the helm. Oh how my soul then rejoiced, so deeply did I realize that all would be well, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

From that time I quietly rested in God, and have never uttered a prayer respecting the war only that the will of God might be done; that right might prevail and wrong be put down, fully believing that in the end victory would be on the Lord's side.

CHAPTER VIII.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

I HERE subjoin several letters written at this period to different persons which give more fully the various exercises through which I was led by the teachings of the Spirit and the Providence of God. The first was written to a former pastor.

LETTER.

"REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,—As I read your letter, my heart swelled with gratitude to God. Has not the Lord done great things for you? What a victory have you gained on the Lord's side. And is it not another proof that 'Pure religion never gains conquests without previous conflicts. Where no war wages, no victory awaits her. If her foes are still, it is believed her friends are idle.' Yea, with you the Lord hath remembered Zion and rebuilt the waste places of Jerusalem. Truly God is good to Israel, to them that are of a clean heart. 'Let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his

way shall save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins.' If one soul is of so much value, only think of the large number you have had added to your church this winter. And then, too, I greatly rejoice that there are so many brought into the church under your ministry, because you seem peculiarly qualified and empowered of God for building up young converts in the most holy faith, leading them to become rooted and grounded in the faith. But do you know, my brother, that I feel that the past with you is insignificant in comparison with what is before you. You are now enjoying and farther advancing into a rich experience of faith that will greatly add to your power as a Gospel minister. Brother, you will pardon me the freedom with which I write, and yet I have no apology to offer, for I am but writing just as the Holy Spirit indites, and I well know that God so abides in your heart that you will not take amiss the freedom with which I am led to address you. You speak of Sister A——; highly favored is the minister who is backed by her prayers. Unusually qualified is she for usefulness, so gifted, so strong in faith, so filled with the Holy Ghost. When we meet with a child of God of such strong faith, how apt we are to wonder, and yet is it not a greater wonder that all Christians have not

just such strong faith? Grace is just as free for every child of God as for her, and any soul who will utterly abandon itself to God, be as clay in the hands of the potter, God will honor with just such faith. Why, the love of God so fills such souls how can they but have perfect faith and confidence in their loving Father? Summerfield used to sing, 'If all the world my Jesus knew, then all the world would love Him too.' There is a vast difference in the faith of a professing Christian who lives at a distance from God, and one who lives daily in close, intimate communion with Him. One comes to God with many misgivings about His hearing or paying any attention to his request; the other comes in perfect confidence, knowing that a loving God and Father hears and will answer every desire of the heart. What a privilege it is thus to draw nigh to God. Oh, the power of prayer! Are we fully sensible of it? I will tell you how for days past the Holy Spirit has been talking with me and encouraging me to ask largely by saying to me, 'Thou art coming to a King, large petitions with thee bring.' And then I am so overwhelmed with the immensity of God's love, the extent of His mercy and loving-kindness, His power and willingness to give, that I just cry out to my Father, Out of thine abundance give me! Need we fear

to ask for anything that we want and to ask largely when we remember that we are heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ? Does not everything belong to us that belongs to Christ? Do we not inherit and have fellowship with Christ in his sufferings, and shall we not be partakers of all the glory that Christ inherits in heaven? Is it true that we shall reign with Christ in glory? Allelujah to our God! Why, sometimes when I think of glory, my soul almost takes wings, and yet here on earth how much I have of God. Brother, do you not often awake as it were to the consciousness of how fast you are living? Why, it appears as if I live years in one day. What lessons the Lord has been teaching me since I last saw you. The Lord so reveals Himself to me, no language can express it. At times I am so filled with God that it requires all my powers of body and mind to sustain it. All I can do is silently to adore my God and Saviour. Oh the fullness, the immensity of His love to me! And now I feel moved to say as I close, Courage, brother, on God rely. Still be valiant for the truth. 'See to it that another take not thy crown. Though it be a martyr's crown, resolve that you will have the identical crown God has laid up for you.'

"Your sister in Christ."

LETTER.

"DEAR SISTER,—Since my last visit with you I have had a deeper feeling of sympathy with you and for you than ever before. Perhaps our afflictions have drawn us nearer together. It appears to me that I could see you quietly but surely drawing nearer to God. Oh, sister, how lovely, enrapturing to be all-absorbed in God. And how precious is the promise, 'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' Yes, filled with God. Now, if He fills our hearts there is no room for anything else. 'As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.' When we abandon ourselves to Him and yield up our will, the Lord then takes entire possession of our hearts and reigns supreme. Then our peace flows as a river. It is then no effort to bow to the will divine. We love God so supremely that we have entire confidence in Him. His promises are yea and amen to us. We can believe our loving Father just as easily as we can breathe. All our cares, great and small, we cast on the Lord. 'Precious privilege, to cast every care that ariseth on Jesus, or, in other words, to welcome it with cheerfulness, and He who dwells within bears it for us.' God gives

us little perplexieg troubles as well as great ones, to habituate us to cast every care on Him; thus teaching us that we cannot take care of ourselves in little or great matters, and driving us in our helplessness to cry to Him. We are thus continually receiving grace and are drinking in more and more of God. Not long since I was panting after more of the Divine nature, and my Father just let me down into a fiery furnace of affliction. I looked up to Him and said, Heat the furnace just as hot as Thou dost see best, and if poor humanity cries out, don't listen; go on, my Father, make me suffer all that Thou dost see necessary to lead me more fully to glorify Thee. And then the Lord put His everlasting arm underneath me and lifted me up out of the furnace, and oh how sweetly He revealed Himself to me! What large and more extended views I had of God. How my faith was increased by this trial. Glory be to His name that through grace I can rejoice that I am permitted to have fellowship with Christ in suffering. Who would not endure suffering that they might thereby be rich in God? Look at all the toil and suffering that are endured to obtain the riches of this world. Think of the gold digging of California. And what are the riches of this poor world of ours—it cannot satisfy the soul, and how soon it takes wings and is gone!

But the riches of heaven are enduring, eternally enduring and soul-satisfying. You may take all the world but give me Jesus.

"Your sister in Christ."

LETTER.

"My dear Friend,—When I received your last letter I purposed replying to it very soon, but my time has of late been so much occupied that I have delayed writing until now. During the past week I have been so impressed with the feeling that I ought to write to you, that at times it appeared almost like an audible voice bidding me write. I have wondered to myself if you were yet ill, suffering your Master's will. Oh, my dear friend, it cannot be very long before your loving Father will say to you, It is enough, come up higher. How precious it is to remember that your Saviour suffers with you, feels every pang that you feel, every sorrow, every woe. Yes, He is touched with the feeling of your infirmities. It is a great relief in our afflictions when we realize that Jesus suffers with us. Peter tells us to 'count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations.' Although it may appear dark and mysterious, the sufferings we are called to endure, the way in which we are led, 'yet afterwards it works for us the peaceable fruits of righteousness.'

At such times God draws near and reveals Himself and talks with us face to face; our faith is quickened, our love is kindled to a flame, and we feel as if we would take wings and mount up to our home. Oh the thought of being eternally shut up with God! When this mortal shall put on immortality, what heights of raptures shall we know. Oh the glories of heaven our home; soon, soon our suffering time will be passed, our work on earth be done, and then we shall revel in the glories of heaven through all eternity.

"Ever yours till we meet above."

CHAPTER IX.

"Likewise reckon ye yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord."—ROMANS vi. 11.

THE letters in this chapter were mostly written to a person of a desponding spirit, yet an earnest seeker after full salvation.

LETTER.

"MY DEAR SISTER,—Since our last interview I have thought much of you and at times have much desired to see you that I might say such things to you as the Holy Spirit would bring to my remembrance. I would say, Courage, my sister, on God rely, for He is designing great things for you. The very darkness and despair that at times paralyze your soul, preventing you from even having the courage to believe that you abandon yourself to God, and that He does at that moment accept you and make you wholly His, will yet be the means of your possessing stronger faith. When you come out of this darkness and are fully settled and established in the perfect rest in Christ, you will then thank God

for all you have endured while thus panting after His fullness, inasmuch as it will have taught you the wiles of the adversary, and how to avoid the snares of unbelief. I think that nearly the last words spoken as we parted, you promised me that you would from that time, feeling or no feeling, 'reckon yourself dead to sin and alive to God,' and that you would continue so to do until God gave you the witness that the work was done. I well know that at this point Satan will come with all his power, even as an angel of light, accusing you of some incompleteness in your offering, some inability to live a life of faith, etc. The only thing that you can do is to cry to Jesus and cling the closer to the cross, claiming that His blood avails for you, and the moment you thus claim it, it flows all over you, washing and keeping you clean; *that moment*, the *next moment*, and so on while you live. It is only living by the moment; we have no grace ahead; it is moment by moment.

Now, my sister, look back upon your past religious life. Has God ever failed you? Has He been slack concerning any one of His promises? But you say you have no confidence in yourself. Well, while you despair in yourself, self-desperate believe in God. Yes, hold on to Him by naked faith, feeling or no feeling, and His Spirit will

soon witness with your spirit that you are wholly the Lord's. 'One of the principal difficulties in coming into this state, and in continuing there, arises from the undue dependence upon feeling. If the act of consecration is not followed by some sensible manifestation of joy, doubts immediately arise in respect to its sincerity; or if at any time the soul loses those emotions of joy which it had felt a little before, it is troubled and thrown into darkness. This is walking by sight. Such is no cause for doubt or discouragement. Our emotions will vary without any change in the supreme purpose of the soul. We cannot have the same degree of feeling when we are wearied as at other times though we are as much devoted to God. "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed."'

"Your sister in Christ."

LETTER.

"DEAR SISTER,—I would have replied to your last letter before now, but it has not been in my power so to do. I have been holding your case before the Lord, that He would teach me by His Spirit what to say to encourage you to let go every prop, no longer lean on frames and feelings but yield up your will and utterly abandon yourself to God. In the few conversations that I have

had with you, and also from reading your letters, I clearly see your true sincerity of soul; yes, underneath all your doubts and misgivings, your desolations and discouragements, you still have a sincere, longing desire to become more intimately acquainted with God, yea, wholly swallowed up in Him. God your Saviour is looking upon you with tender interest. What pains He is taking to cut you loose from every prop and dependence, that you may entirely depend on Himself. If we would be like Christ we must suffer with Him, become crucified to the world, self-destroyed, our will lost in the will of God. 'We must be as clay in the hands of the potter.' My sister the great difficulty in your case is, you will not let the Lord work in His own way; you dictate to Him; you want to feel so and so; you want sensible emotions and joys. To crucify your will the Lord withdraws from you sensible emotions and sometimes seems to desert you. Are you willing to endure this if in the end it will lead you into the rest of faith? Now, if you will only bow your will, leaving yourself in the hands of the Lord, the trial will be ended. Jesus will then lovingly reveal Himself to you. Your peace will soon flow as a river, and you will indeed realize the rest of faith. 'Let your faith stand not in the wisdom of man, but in the power of

God. You will not conquer your difficulties by the force of mere resolutions to conquer them, but if you continue looking unto Jesus, abiding in Him, and receive Him as your wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption, expecting nothing from yourself, but every thing from Him, you will find your enemies have Christ and not you to contend with. When the soul thus ceaselessly abandons itself into the hands of God, it realizes at once the rest, the fruition and victory of faith.' "Your sister in Christ."

LETTER.

"DEAR SISTER,—Let us now talk about the witness of the Spirit of which you speak. I will remind you of some things that you already fully understand. You know that when a person plants a tree in the ground, he waits, and trusts God for rain and sunshine to make it take root, grow and bear fruit. Now, what would you think of that person if instead of waiting he would run every little while and dig up the tree to satisfy himself that it had taken root? Oh, you say, if he continues digging it up it will soon die. Now, my sister, do you know that unconsciously you have been doing the same thing with your witness of full salvation? This is the reason that you do not enjoy the fruits of holiness. But do not up-

braid yourself, Jesus never upbraids you, but is ever touched with tenderness for you. It is the same Spirit that witnesses to our sanctification as to our justification. When we receive pardon or the new birth, the Spirit of God bears witness with our spirit that we are his children, but if we begin to question the fact, and doubt, our peace is gone and the Spirit leaves us. So, in sanctification, the Holy Spirit witnesses with our spirits that the blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin. Now, we live in the enjoyment of full salvation by *continuing* to *believe*. We must not question the fact that the work is done, nor measure our experience by that of others who have been longer in the way, or have been brought in under different circumstances. You have for a long time been earnestly seeking for full salvation, and at times have been satisfied that you enjoyed the blessing; then from some cause you would begin to question your evidence, and your enjoyment would be gone. Now, if instead of yielding to doubt, you had continued to believe, and cried to God to fill you more and more with his love, you would soon have been beyond the power of the adversary on this point. You know your own heart; you sincerely desire to be wholly the Lord's, and you come in the required way—yielding up your all, placing yourself upon the altar—now,

hold on there; never take back the offering, but wait on the Lord until he consumes the sacrifice. The Lord never yet has failed to do His part; the witness will come; only continue to 'reckon yourself dead unto sin but alive unto God.' You may for a while not realize that anything is being done, it may commence so quietly, so gradually, but just continue thus to wait on the Lord, your soul hungering to be filled, your faith drinking in all the fullness of God. You will soon find that you have no time to look back, questioning your evidence, but all your powers will be fully occupied in taking in God, in being lost and swallowed up in Him. It is a great thing to be cleansed from all sin, but the work is not finished until we are 'filled with all the fulness of God.' Children of God who have lived for years in a lower state of grace, acquire habits of unbelief which bind them down like iron chains. When God sanctifies a soul he breaks those habits, leads and disciplines it to acquire habits of faith; it then no longer depends on frames and feelings but lives *by faith alone*. Yet Satan will for some time trouble persons on this point; they will feel the effects of their former habits of unbelief; Satan will come and make his suggestion; for a moment we may hardly be able to discern whether we indulge the doubt, or it is

merely a temptation. Stop not an instant to reason with the adversary, but cry to God, claim the blood of Jesus, and it covers you. Thus you will foil the adversary, and soon he will have no more power to trouble you on this point, for through grace you will have acquired such habits of faith that it will be no more effort for you to believe then it is for you to breathe. Then, courage, my sister; still hope in God, self-desperate *believe*, and soon—after the Lord has tried you—you will become 'rooted and grounded' in the life of faith. Yes, you will be so full of God that you will be constrained to cry, 'Enlarge the vessel, and then fill me more and more with Thyself!' I am glad that you continue to point others to higher attainments in the Divine life. 'They that do the will of God shall know of the doctrine.' "Your sister in Christ."

LETTER.

"DEAR SISTER,—I can offer no apology for not replying to your last letter sooner; all that I can say is, I always answer your letters as soon as the Lord gives me a message for you. Never did I more feel my utter ignorance; I know nothing only as I am taught by the Spirit. And, oh, how sweetly does the 'Holy Spirit take of the things of Christ and reveal them unto me!' I suppose

you noticed in the October 'Guide to Holiness,' page 123, Dr. Bangs' conversation with a lady on the subject of holiness: 'When she turned to him and asked if he enjoyed the blessing. For a moment he was startled, fearing to say no, yet hardly daring to say yes, when suddenly, recollecting himself, he threw himself on the sin-atoning sacrifice, and with the eye of faith steadfastly fixed on the blood that cleanseth, said in reply, "through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, I can say, I do." The moment he made the confession he felt the consuming influence of the Spirit in an extraordinary manner.' Is this not suited to your case? You have laid all on the altar; all that is necessary for you is to *believe* that the offering is accepted, and *confess* that *belief*. Yes, throw yourself on the sin-atoning sacrifice, and with the eye of faith steadfastly fixed on the blood that cleanseth, tell to all who ask you that through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ you are all the Lord's. I believe that you at times enjoy full salvation, but you do not continually live in the enjoyment of it because you stop and look at yourself, and question the fact, instead of continually claiming the blood of Christ. The blood of Jesus this moment avails for you; claim it, and it is yours. 'Then, trust on, be it moments, days or weeks, till it pleases your

Father to give you the witness, and then you are to stand by faith just the same. But if you go to examining to see if there is any change in your feelings, you let go of faith. It takes all the mind to believe; if, therefore, you stop to examine feeling, you must stop believing.' 'Oh, trust Him that He does now save unto the uttermost. Try to trust and believe, and you will grow stronger and stronger every moment. If anything comes into your mind that it seems you must but cannot do, cry, I will in Thy strength do it, if it literally costs me my life. But delay not there; be not afraid; *believe*, *believe*, and all is yours.' How precious it is to believe in Jesus. He never fails us, but is always better than all our fears, doing for us continually more then we can ask or think. Why should we not come to our God with large petitions? Can we in any way so honor God as by asking great things, believing great things? What a privilege it is to pray. How glorious it is to praise our God. Can we take in, or for a moment imagine, what heaven will be? Will not this mortal have to put on immortality to endure the glories of heaven? My sister, look up, be hopeful; what an inheritance is in store for you, what a glorious crown is laid up for you!

"Your sister in Christ."

LETTER.

"DEAR SISTER,—I will commence my letter by replying to your question, 'Does God ever tarry, or may we by faith claim the blessing at any time?' I answer, 'The moment the gift touches the altar—it is sanctified.' '*The altar sanctifieth the gift*,' Christ being the Christian's altar. The moment we yield ourselves up fully to Him, we *must be accepted*, for '*Whatsoever toucheth the altar is holy*.' When the children of God consecrate all to Him—their will, time, talents, reputation, health, possessions, life—all things, or, in other words, utterly abandon themselves to God, and by simple faith believe, they are accepted of Him; that moment they are saved, wholly the Lord's, cleansed from the least and last remains of sin. The witness or evidence that the work is done is most generally received at the same time, or in quick succession, but sometimes the Lord withholds the witness for a time—for the trial of our faith, owing to the circumstances through which we are brought into full salvation.

"It is well for us to make a distinction in our minds between temptation to evil, and evil cherished in our hearts. Satan will tempt us to feelings of anger, pride, etc., but if we indulge or

cherish no such feeling in our hearts, but look immediately to Jesus, claiming His blood, we are safe. God does not condemn us. 'We cannot prevent the birds from flying over our heads, but we can prevent their making nests in our hair.'

"Satan is the great accuser of the brethren. When he cannot pull us down by leading us to commit actual sin, he will try to weary us by accusing us of wrong. Don't listen to the adversary for a moment; never cast away your confidence. Be not fearful, only believe. Do not upbraid yourself for the past, but now and continually claim the merits of Christ's blood, and you are continually saved. 'But bear in mind that the clearness of the witness of the Spirit will continue to be in proportion to your unwavering and continued faith in God, irrespective of frames and feelings.'

"Do not compare yourself, or measure yourself by your husband's experience; he, I should judge, has been brought into the blessing through different circumstances from yours. Remember, 'there are diversities of operations, but the same Spirit.' We are persons of different temperaments and need different training to bring us to bow our will and abandon ourselves to God. Jesus knows us perfectly and never makes any mistakes. If we yield to His teachings and discipline, and be

as clay in His hand, he will mould and form us to His image, so that when He looks at us it will be but to see His own likeness. When a child of God, of a naturally strong and determined will, is aroused to the conviction that it is his high privilege to become wholly conformed to the will of God, he goes to work in earnest, complies with the conditions required, and claims the blessing. The change is quick and decided. One would be ready to conclude that such a person was almost *compelled* to believe; but it is not so; *God never compels any man*, but *offers salvation to all; we can accept or refuse.*

I feel like saying to you, hasten, oh, hasten, for there is much land for you to possess, even the land of holiness. Tarry not on the border; come, oh, come into the heart of the country, where Satan cannot reach or harm you, for you will have learned all his wiles; yes, you will then have him under your feet and can bid him defiance. Oh, the boundlessness of God's love! Press onward and plunge into this ocean, and the farther you go and the more rapidly you advance you will still be able to exclaim, "Ocean ahead, ocean ahead!" Oh, how I wonder that God will thus dwell in such worms of the dust! Amazing condescension! Oh, that every thing that has

breath may praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.

"Your sister in Christ."

LETTER TO A FRIEND WHO LIVES VERY NEAR THE LORD.

"My dear Sister,—You kindly desired me to write to you, and yet, do you know that I rather draw back, shrinking from thus taxing your time, knowing that you are so constantly occupied. But I hear the still small voice of the Spirit bidding me write. Oh, my sister, how much I would love to see you, to talk over and tell of the goodness of the Lord. He does so reveal Himself to me; I am so rapidly and constantly learning more and more of God. He condescends to talk with me as it were face to face, and so clearly makes known to me His will. I continually realize that I do indeed abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I feel that nothing is too great to ask of God, and as surely as I ask so surely do I receive. How blessed it is that we can come to God, desiring nothing but His will. How much is implied in having the will of God done. Is it not answering the end of our being, when the will of God is done in us and through and by us as it is done in heaven? How intensely I desire that God may shine through me just

as far as it is possible for Him to shine through such a house of clay. May I answer the end for which I was born, that every moment, every breath, may be spent for God! My heart so fills with gratitude to my Heavenly Father that I can only silently adore Him. Oh for grace and strength to praise Him sufficiently; for at times, I am filled with such a weight of praise that I am obliged to cry to God to increase my faith's capacity that I may be able fully to praise and adore Him. I trust that you are now enjoying your usual health. I well know that God will withhold no good thing from you. 'All things,' sickness or health, will 'work together for your good;' you will ever receive the riches of his grace. Have you heard from brother ——— since his affliction? May God uphold him in this his sore trial! My heart bleeds for him.

"Your sister in Christ."

LETTER WRITTEN TO A FORMER PASTOR.

"Rev. and dear Brother,—After I left you I whirled along at a rapid rate through country and city until I arrived at N——, where I stopped to visit some Christian friends who are indeed chosen ones of the Lord. Yes, they walk and talk with God daily. As we sat together and conversed of the deep things of God, how our

hearts burned within us. The Holy Spirit did indeed really and sensibly overshadow us. God our Father, who at all times is so divinely near whenever I meet with these chosen ones of the Lord, seemed more sensibly present.

"You know, brother, that I told you in the morning as I was leaving for my journey, that the Angel of the Lord was going before me to prepare my way, and that attending angels would be about me as I journeyed. So I found it. Glory to God, that though a worm of the dust, He is my Father! I belong to the household of God, the Royal family. Hid in Christ, I have but to breathe forth my wants and desires and they are granted. My Father knows that I want nothing but what He wills to give, and He gives continually. I am filled with the fulness of God. Can words convey to the mind what the fulness of God means? No. Only heartfelt experience can fully understand it. How it overwhelms one! Great God, continually enlarge our faith's capacities that we may drink in more of Thy fulness! What company, what entertainment, what occupation, what prospects, to walk and talk with God, do and suffer His will while on this footstool of His, and then in glory reign with Christ; yes, be kings and priests unto God. Allelujah to the Lamb forever! My brother, I trust

your faith is still strong in the Lord of Hosts, and that you are still driving the battle to the very gates, crying victory, victory, on the Lord's side! How is sister J——? Is she still going about on her mission of love, inviting all to come to Jesus and be saved? Many stars shall deck her crown of rejoicing. May God bless her labors more and more as she nears the shining shore! And sister G——, what shall I say to her, the beloved disciple of the Lord? Is she still basking in the sunshine of God's love? Tell her that I will meet her in glory.

"Your sister in Christ."

LETTER

TO THE SAME PERSON WHEN IN DEEP SORROW.

"Rev. and dear Brother,—I fear to trespass upon the sacredness of your grief by even writing to you. I am quite sure that if I were present with you I would silently sit and mingle my tears with yours. How much I have felt for you in this your deep, deep sorrow. I have laid hold on the horns of the altar for you, that you may have grace to lift you up above these dark, deep waters. Truly, I know that you can say, 'Thy waves and Thy billows have gone over me.' You are indeed stricken, bruised and crushed. All the charm of life is gone, all of earth marred.

Great God, thou alone hast done it! 'Clouds and darkness are round about Him,' but 'righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne.' Brother, I know that the everlasting arms are round and underneath you, and although your heart is bleeding, yet you can say, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' But there is light behind this dark cloud. God has taken away the treasure of your heart only that he may give you more of Himself. Yes, you will in this dark, dark affliction learn more of God, know more of Him, possess more of Him.

Our loving Father can in no way so effectually possess and abide in our hearts as by marring our all of earth, taking from us every earthly prop; then as we lie low before Him, crushed and bruised, He raises us up and pours the balm of His love into our wounded spirits. 'Tis then we learn to realize eternal things, and remember how fleeting, how transient, are thing of time. How much of God we learn in such sore bereavement. May the Lord be your support, your strength, in this your hour of deep affliction!

"In true Christian sympathy, I remain
your sister in Christ."

CHAPTER X.

"Oh how great is thy goodness which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee, which Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men."

EXTRACTS FROM MY JOURNAL.

"*Jan.* 1. At the opening of the New Year I realize in a peculiar manner the shortness of my time on earth; that what I have to do I must do quickly. I long for still greater power with God in prayer; that I may have increasing strength of body and of mind, and be filled more and more with the Holy Ghost. I have constant communion with God, realizing continually that I do indeed abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

This is the week of prayer for the conversion of the world and the reign of Christ on earth. How highly privileged I am that I live and can unite with all Christians on the known earth in prayer for the coming of His kingdom; that Christ may reign king of nations as he now reigns kings of saints.

"*Feb.* 7. Have felt a heavy burden of prayer for the church. May God remember Zion, and

repair the waste places of Jerusalem! I 'weep between the Porch and the Altar' for the upbuilding of our Zion. May our church come up out of the wilderness, 'leaning on the arm of her beloved.' May every stumbling block be removed, that the Ark of the Lord may move forward! Then Christians would awake to their high privilege and live near the Lord, that all they do, all they say, might be for the glory of God. Would that our ministers might hold up Christ as a perfect Saviour, one who saves to the uttermost. It is a sore evil to live at such a distance from the Lord, when it is the Christian's privilege to live in close and intimate communion with Him. According to the views and feelings of the world, what a high honor it is to be an intimate friend of the great and noble. Who would not esteem it a high honor to be the intimate and confidential friend of any one of the crowned heads of Europe? But what are all the talent, power or honor of all this earth in comparison with the Lord God, Maker of heaven and earth, who by a word or look can create a world or crush one to atoms? It is the privilege of all the children of God not only to realize that this great God is their Father, but they may daily live in sweet and blessed communion with Him; yea, walk and talk with God. What is all this earth to such

a soul? Many Christians have just enough to make them miserable; their conscience troubles them when they seek after worldly pleasures, and they have not enough of Christ to be happy without the world. A little religion is a miserable thing. Oh, fellow traveller to heaven, come up higher; yes, claim your high privilege; obey that command of the Lord to 'love God with all your mind, with all your soul and all your strength, and your neighbor as yourself;' 'plunge into the purple flood and rise to all the life of God.' If you have a particle of the love of God in your heart, never rest until your heart is filled with God. 'They that hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled.'

"*Febr.* 22. *Sabbath.* May we indeed 'remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.' Jesus, my Saviour, reign in our household this day; so influence every soul, so move every heart, that this day may indeed by us be kept holy! What a type of heaven is the rest of the Sabbath. What a delightful privilege that one day in every seven we may rest from worldly cares and employments and spend the day exclusively in the worship of God. How delightful to listen to the preached word; how pleasant to hear the voice of the great congregation join in praise and prayer. It is glorious to commune with God at all times,

but how surpassingly precious is the Sabbath! A few more Sabbaths, a few more weeks and years on earth, and I shall awake in glory to a Sabbath that never ends. How delightful is the thought of being eternally shut in with God.

"*Feb.* 27. My mind dwells much on prayer, the power of prayer. It appears to me that we in very little measure understand this power. Every true child of God has influence with God, but those who have pure hearts and clean hands, when they come before Him, take right hold on Omnipotence and prevail with God as did Jacob. I believe it is the privilege of those who abide under the shadow of the Almighty ever and at all times to have power with Him and prevail. Paul says, 'I glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon me.' I believe that as we have fellowship with Christ in suffering, as we rejoice in tribulation, so the power of Christ rests upon us. What thoughts loom up in my soul on this subject, thoughts that I cannot express. Who would not endure the loss of all things, and even glory in tribulation, that the power of Christ may rest upon them? May the power of Christ more and more rest upon me as I near the heavenly shore!

LETTER.

"My dear Sister,—It is quite a cross for me to refrain from writing to you more frequently than I do. I so love to receive your precious letters that I would quickly reply to them only the Lord bids me to wait His time. It is only as I am moved by the Spirit that I am able to write to you. My sister, you little realize what perfect weakness I am. My mind appears a perfect blank only as the Holy Spirit condescends to speak or shine through me. I have no command of words, no utterance, only as I am moved by Him. How entirely dependent I am on God, He only knows. When I attempt to pray, speak or write, I am obliged to abandon myself to Him, and then in my extremity He condescends to shine through this house of clay. All through my higher religious life, God disciplines me by continually shutting me up to Himself; leading me into desperate circumstances, like standing on a slippery point over a precipice, hedging up my way so that I cannot see to move to the right or to the left, while difficulties beset my path on every hand. Yes, I have learned — God has taught me — when appearances are dark and threatening, when there is no help from man, then perfectly, implicitly to trust God. The

darker the hour, the more sure am I of help from above. When I am brought into straits, then not only I do believe, I *know* that God is pledged to deliver me, and I just cling to Him, and am always delivered, ofttimes in ways that I could never have imagined. When thus delivered, and my path is made so plain before me, my heart swells with emotion of praise and gratitude that words are too poor to express; so I silently adore my God. Sister, I have been thinking much of late of your husband's position, respecting his business plans and prospects. It appears to me that the Lord has allowed the complication of events which now surround him, in his business matters, to shut him up to God. He alone can deliver him, and I believe He will. 'The king's heart is in the hands of the Lord to turn as he will, as rivers of waters.' Yea, the hearts of all are in His hands. So God can turn events and people and use them like tools to accomplish His purposes. We have just to leave all in His hands, trusting Him implicitly; then God speaks the word and it is done. We have but to wait His time, listen to His voice as He speaks to us, and He makes our path plain before us. I feel like saying to your husband, Courage, brother, on God rely. May God be more and more precious to you, my sister, while you tarry here on earth.

I wish I could tell you all the way in which I have been led since I last saw you; how the Lord has cleared my way to do the work that He appointed for me this winter. I have had so much leisure, been so much alone, without company or anything to command my attention, so quietly have passed the weeks, all the many rainy days, it appears as if God had given this time to do just this work. Day after day, week after week, I have been writing, writing, as I am moved by the Spirit. How clear to me it is that I am obeying the voice of the Holy Spirit. It is of the Lord. I feel that I have commenced the finishing up of the end for which I was placed here on earth. May God's will be done and his name glorified even by such a worm of the dust as I am. How amazed I am that God does condescend to abide with me. I feel jealous for the Lord of hosts; I desire in every way possible to glorify God.

"Oh, sister, how responsible and yet how highly privileged we are, living so near the Lord, to commune with him in prayer. We come before God desiring nothing but His glory; we may ask what we will and it will be done unto us. We may well cry, 'Lord, teach me to pray; inspire and then accept my prayer!' I have felt of late a determination (which God alone has given me)

even when praying for others and when surrounded by those who are unbelieving not to be bound down by their unbelief, but to agonize with God, rise above their influence and prevail, having power with Him. I believe it is our privilege ever to have *power* with God. I feel it more and more that we *must take hold of the horns of the altar*, no matter if earth and hell oppose. We *must have power with God.* I will tell you a circumstance more fully to explain my meaning: A few weeks since, at the close of the meeting of my class, our leader requested me to lead in prayer. While praying I realized that I did not have that access to God that I desired, or that I usually had. I was bound down by the unbelief of some cold-hearted professor present. When I came home I went to my room and bowed before God, and asked Him that for His glory I might have power to rise above the unbelief of others, or else never to let me be asked to pray again. I pleaded with God and prevailed. He promised me this power with Him in prayer. The next time I went to class and was asked to pray, thanks be to God, I did have prevailing power. Yes, sister, I do believe that we may ever have power with Him when alone or when praying in the presence of those who are cold and unbelieving. Tell me, when you write, what is your experience

on this point. I feel that God is awakening me little by little to my high privilege in prayer. I would claim all the power in prayer that He can bestow upon me. Remember me in much kindness to your husband and your precious children.

"Your sister in Christ."

LETTER.

"My dear Sister,—Hail, well-beloved of the Lord! Art thou still rejoicing in God, realizing that 'the joy of the Lord is thy strength?' How highly privileged are those to whom it is given to suffer with Christ, yea, to be buried with Him in baptism. 'These are they which have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' 'And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white.' 'Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you. But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.' I wonder not that the chosen ones of God felt that they were highly favored in being permitted to have fellowship with Christ in suffering; that they not only felt desirous but strove for a martyr's crown. I wish

that I had language to make known the heavenly influence that has filled my soul in times of most excruciating suffering, realizing that I was suffering with Christ and had *fellowship* with Him in suffering. Such communion with God, so deep and blessed, I could say with Paul, 'whether in the body or out of the body I could not tell,' but my soul did experience communion with the Triune God which was unutterable. Closely sheltered near the bleeding side of Jesus, constantly under the shadow of the Almighty, what is the noise and tumult of all this earth to such a soul? Filled unutterably full of God, what is earth to us? High above its noise and tumult we hold blissful communion with Him who is the beloved of our souls. "Ever yours till glory dawns."

JOURNAL.

"*March* 6. 'There is more joy in enduring a cross for God, than in the smiles of the world; in a private, despised affliction, without the name of suffering for His cause, or any thing in it like martyrdom, but only as coming from His hand, kissing it and bearing it patiently, yea, gladly, for His sake, out of love to Him, because it is His will so to try thee. What can come amiss to a soul thus composed?' 'It is a renewed pleasure to be offering up one's self every day to God.

The sweetest life in the world is to be crossing one's self to please Him; trampling on one's own will to follow His.' How strange that the children of God will resist suffering, and sometimes feel that their Heavenly Father is dealing hardly by them in causing them to pass through sorrows and afflictions. *Sorrows and crosses are the surest tokens of God's favor to His children*, and as we bow to them, bear them joyfully, they 'yield in us and by us the peaceable fruits of righteousness.' I have felt for many years very jealous for the Lord of Hosts, and desire to receive all the good of every trial, every suffering, my God and Father is pleased to cause me to pass through. I feel that the most insignificant event or circumstance of my daily life is ordered and directed by Him. There is no matter too small to carry to God, be it a cause of grief or joy. When our will is lost in the Divine will, then it is that we have found the 'philosopher's stone,' that turns every thing into gold. We get good out of every event; every thing turns to our spiritual good. How rapidly such a soul grows in grace! Yet the more one knows of God, the higher we rise in Him, the more boundless appears 'the height and depth of the riches of His love.' What a boundless ocean, what an immensity is God's love! Truly can I say it is my meat and drink to do and

suffer His will. 'So I come to do Thy will, O God.' The yoke of Christ is easy, and His burden is light. How blessed it is to bear the burden of the Lord, to glory in the cross of Christ!

"*March* 7. I continually hear the voice of God saying to me, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.' Daily I am doing and suffering His will, accomplishing just the end for which God placed me upon earth. I am kept by power divine; guardian angels attend my path, my out-goings and in-comings. I am amazed and astonished at God's tender, loving care of me. If a trial or scene of suffering is before me, He gives me warning of it and fully prepares me to meet it, so that when the trial comes, grace is given so abundantly that the mountain becomes a plain.

"*March* 10. I have had sweet communion with my Saviour this morning. When Jesus was upon earth, He sent His disciples out to preach; when they came back they told Him all they said and did. It is blessed to tell Jesus everything. Some things were said to me this morning by a relative which were calculated deeply to wound my feelings. I ran right to God with it; told Him all about it, and asked that what was intended to cause unhappiness might do me good and have just the effect upon me that He designed. I agonized before the Lord, that the wrath of man

might be made to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath be restrained. Then my blessed Saviour poured the oil of His love on my wounded spirit, and I was enabled to rejoice in the Lord, feeling that the joy of the Lord was truly my strength. Thus I am continually made to rejoice, and count it all joy when I fall into suffering, be it great or small.

"*March* 14. This morning (Sabbath) my soul feasted on the word of life as preached by our pastor. His subject was 'Christian purity.' With power and unction he held up before the church their high privilege of living a life of holiness, urging them to 'lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset them, and to run with patience the race set before them.' To 'press towards the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.' God grant that it may have fallen on good ground and may spring up and bear fruit to the honor and glory of God. A number are earnestly seeking for purity of heart, and several have of late obtained the blessing. God be praised! 'My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit doth rejoice in my God and Saviour.' May the good begun go on until we as a church come up out of the wilderness, 'fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.'"

CHAPTER XI.

"They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness and shall sing of Thy righteousness."—Ps. 145 : 7.

LETTER.

My precious Sister,—The single emotion of my heart while reading your last letter was, Praise to God! I could say with Mary, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour.' You know that Jesus while on earth prayed the Father that we might be one even as He and the Father were one. How precious is this *oneness* of spirit in Christ among the chosen of God! Yes, those who 'abide under the shadow of the Almighty,' whose lives are 'hid with Christ in God,' who pass within the vail even into the holy of holies, who live daily hard by the throne and walk with God—these two are one. Oh, sister, how blessed is this sympathy, this union of spirit with spirit. We see Christ's image in each other, and we are drawn like drops of water together. Glory be to God that we are permitted to commune in spirit, by writing, and in meeting together, as the Lord permits! Although I was separated from you by distance of place, yet I felt the same Di-

vine influence which we experienced when together. Glory be to God for His goodness, His wonderful love to us! How precious it is, continually to hear the voice of the Spirit saying to us, 'This is the way, walk ye in it,' and how delightful, how heavenlike it is always to be obedient to that voice. Thank God, it is our privilege never to be mistaken in this matter, but to be just as sure that He speaks to us, and that we understand what His Spirit bids us do, as that we see and know that the sun shines. God has taught me ever to try the spirit to see if it be of God, and never to move, never to act, in great or small matters, until I clearly and unmistakably hear the voice of God. I feel truly thankful to Him that He condescends to come down to my feeble capacity and explain to my mind all His will. How blessed to follow such a guide, continually to wait upon the Lord, and watch at the posts of His door. Oh, sister, do you not, as you plunge deeper and deeper into the ocean of Divine love, become more and more conscious of the height and depth of the riches of His grace? Oh, the immensity, the immensity of God! Holy Father, enlarge our faith's capacity that we may continually take in more and more of Thee! Have you seen Mrs. P.'s letter to the New York Observer? It is dated Walsall, Feb. 1. In writ-

ing, she says, 'I would really like to have you look in upon us in the midst of one of our campaigns. I say campaigns, for it is from first to last as one great battle against the man of sin Of course, the Christian soldier has a right to commence at any time an attack on Satan's kingdom. And he also has a right to say in the name and strength of Christ, *I will have the victory.*' This is just what I fully believe. We may at any given time commence an attack on Satan's kingdom, and in the name and strength of Christ gain the victory. The struggle may be longer or shorter, but in the end the victory will be on the Lord's side. I believe that the Lord does hear every prayer we utter, and in His own way and time will answer.

"Your sister in Christ."

"*March* 25. A few days since I was led by the Spirit to advise respecting a certain matter with a member of our family. My advice was not only unthankfully received, but resisted and objected to with great violence and anger. I went to my room and knelt before God, and bowing in deep agony of spirit laid the case all out before Him, pleading the death and sufferings of Jesus, and asked that in defiance of men and devils the *Divine will might be done*, and that I might now and ever rejoice in the same, whatever it might

be. A very short time after I ceased praying, and while sitting in my room, I was sent for by the person who a short time before had so resisted my advice. When I entered her room, she said to me very pleasantly and quietly, that she had concluded to follow my advice and do just what I requested her to do. Shortly after this, as soon as I could leave and return to my room, I knelt to return thanks and adore my God who had so quickly and so sweetly answered my petition. How little we realize what power we have through prayer to influence even the conduct of persons about us, and what a sweet and pleasant way this is to control and govern children. We may command, give advice and directions, but the *great power to influence is prayer*. We may be obliged to agonize long (according to the resistance of the person whom we wish to influence), but as surely as we continue to plead with God, desiring only His will, so surely shall we prevail and conquer. Yes, it is a certain victory on the Lord's side. *Sincere, earnest prayer always prevails.* 'God will hear his own elect who cry night and day unto Him.'

"*March* 29. Through this day I have felt such a burden of prayer for my immediate family and relatives. I deeply feel that through Christ I have power with God, and as I come before Him,

I claim my high privilege and take right hold of the Divine arm. I ask in the name of Jesus for all the power that mortal man can have with his Maker. I call down the blessings of heaven upon my family, and upon all in any way connected with it. I ask that Jesus may reign without a rival in us all; that the devil may be cast out of all who rebel against God. May the blessing of heaven rest upon all my friends, all I know, and also on the place in which I live. May the Holy Spirit descend in great power upon all our churches, may professors be greatly quickened and sinners pricked to the heart, so that they may be led to cry out, 'Men and brethren, what must I do to be saved.' O Lord, arise, and plead Thine own cause; subdue this earth to Thyself; hasten the time when all men shall know Thee, 'from the least unto the greatest!'

"*April* 5. *Easter Sunday.* As I arose this morning the first thought of my mind was, 'The Lord is risen, the Lord is risen, and become the first fruits of them that sleep.' Yes, Jesus has burst the bands of death, and conquered the grave. Oh, what a victory! Jesus arose from the dead, ascended into heaven, is now seated at the right hand of God, and ever liveth to make intercession for us. Because Jesus lives, I shall live also. Through my risen Saviour I am con-

queror over sin, and in death I shall be able to cry, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' Yes, though worms destroy this body, yet I shall rise again, and 'in my flesh see God.' Oh, if I had an angel's voice I would shout the praises of my risen Saviour all over this earth. Do we remember, do we realize, what an advocate we have in heaven? With boldness may we ever come before God, pleading the merits of Jesus. No matter how feeble, how broken our utterance may be, Jesus our advocate will make perfect our petitions, and God will ever be moved by the pleadings of His own Son. We have 'access with confidence by the faith of Him;' we, feeble worms of the dust, may come in the name of Jesus right into the immediate presence of Deity, yea, talk with God face to face as a man talketh with his friend.

"For days past my soul has been so burdened in prayer that I have only been able to groan out my desires to God. For days in succession I have been crying, O Holy Spirit, give me utterance; teach me how to pray; give me power in prayer! Deeply I feel my responsibility for the high privilege of prayer. I am burdened and pressed down with its weight. It is, indeed, groanings that cannot be uttered. I do know that God hears and will answer every prayer I utter, and the

more fully I realize this, the more intensely I desire greater and greater power with Him. I know that the Holy Spirit alone inspires me with this desire; I realize that God is shedding it upon me. I cannot express what access I have to Him, and what sweet communion I have with the Triune God. My Father talks with me; makes me to understand His will just as truly, just as really, as if in an audible voice He spoke to me. Oh, the power of prayer! O Holy Spirit, inspire my prayers while I live; let me ever agonize with God and prevail, crying victory, victory, on the Lord's side! I continually receive amazing and wonderful answers to prayer. I am constantly encouraged to ask largely, to ask great things of God. Are we not children of a king, and should we not bring large petitions with us when we come before the Lord of the whole earth?

"*April* 12. 'Every Christian has secrets which he does not reveal even to loved friends. These are some of the pearls he keeps in his own casket, and spreads them out to look over in his own closet in favored hours of worship. Often, in the blessed ordinance of the Last Supper, he is attracted by their beauty while the radiance of Jesus shines upon them.' 'This present faith, the mystery kept in a pure conscience, is the great thing for present usefulness; for when we lay one

burden down we are ready to take up another, and carry it as far as it is right There are some burdens we must bear awhile, and take back and forth to the throne of grace until we gain the power to leave them there; then never yield to so much weakness as to take them up again, no matter how long the fulfilment of the promise is deferred. Gently and patiently remind the Master of your expecting faith. Smile, and believe the Lord is regarding that which belongs to His dear child, servant, friend.'

"'Blessings hang in suspense till prayer brings them down. All prayer is the watch-word on the walls of Zion in this our day.'

"*May* 31. I have enjoyed the most intimate communion with God the last few weeks. I realize that I am indeed a temple of the Holy Ghost. It is true that the words I have spoken, the prayers I have uttered, were the voice of the Spirit praying, speaking through me. Holy Spirit, still more and more shine through this house of clay as I near the heavenly shore! Great freedom of utterance is given me as I plead with my Christian friends to live nearer the Lord, and with great earnestness I am enabled to hold up the Cross to dying sinners. May God's will be done by me while I tarry on earth, just as it is done by angels in heaven!

"*May* 22. What burdens of prayer do I continually have, and what struggles with the adversary. I truly realize that 'I wrestle not with flesh and blood but with principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places.' But through every trial, every contest, I am more than conqueror through Jesus, and am ever enabled to cry victory, victory!

"*June* 9. Since I last wrote in my journal I have endured fiery trials, not outward but inward. By the grace of God, however, I will be enabled to endure the fiery darts of the adversary just as long as my Heavenly Father sees best that I should thus suffer. Such sufferings and trials strengthen my faith. It is then I lay hold on the strength of the Lord. At such times words uttered in prayer are few; I just groan out to God. At other times I simply say, 'My Father, my Father,' or, 'Thy worm Jacob, thy worm Jacob,' and God understands the utterance of His own Spirit. Few words convey the desires of the heart in times of suffering. I thank God that it is given me to suffer, but none save those who live very near the Lord know the full power of Satan to torture the soul, and none but they fully know the power of grace to keep the soul quietly resting in God even in the midst of the fiery furnace. It is then we realize all the might of faith,

'that faith which will not shrink though pressed by every foe; that will not tremble on the brink of any earthly woe.' Thank God for this precious faith; thank God it is mine! Yes, I dare believe my God and Saviour, and I stagger not at the promises.

LETTER.

"My dear Sister,—I cannot express in words my gratitude to God for your last precious letter. I felt quite sure that you must be suffering for your Lord. I had so long desired to hear from you, that when I received your letter it was like manna from heaven. As I read and re-read your precious communication, I so clearly discerned the out-breathings of the Holy Spirit, I could not refrain from exclaiming, Glory to God, glory to God! My sister, do you not now fully understand why the ancient Christians so desired, yea, strove, for a martyr's crown? I well know that you truly understand and experience the ecstatic joy of having fellowship with Christ in suffering. Suffering with Christ how can we but rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory? Paul said to Timothy, 'Be thou partaker of the afflictions of the Gospel, according to the power of God.' That power led you through suffering deep and excruciating, and prepared your heart for all the fulness of God until your poor body was ready to

sink under the weight of glory revealed to you, and the power of Christ so rested upon you that you were unutterably full of glory and of God. Praised be His name for His goodness to you! My beloved sister, I hail you in the Lord. I begin to understand that I shall not be permitted to enjoy Christian sympathy and communion with you much longer here on earth. I see that your Father is calling you—He has need of you in heaven. You may have to suffer awhile longer here on earth, but soon you will join the heavenly throng. Paul was in a strait—he intensely desired to depart and be with Christ which for him was far better, yet for the good of the Church and the glory of God he was perfectly willing to remain and suffer awhile longer on earth. How I would love to be with you for a few days and hear you talk of the deep things of God. How dearly would I love to meet dear sister M——; I love you both in the Lord. But my Father says, No, not now! Although I so desire to be with you, yet hearing the voice of the Spirit saying, No, I not only bow but I adore the will Divine. It is very clear to my mind that it is not the will of God for me to leave home now, nor for some weeks to come, but I can commune with you in spirit although absent from you in body. Greet dear sister A—— for me; true oneness in Christ

I feel with you all. I know that our acquaintance is but begun here to be continued in heaven. May the richest of heaven's blessings ever rest on you and yours! "Ever yours."

LETTER.

"DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER S——,—You will think it strange to hear from me so soon again. I can only say that I feel impelled to write. I love to be obedient to the voice of the Spirit; to be still and let Him speak through this house of clay. Brother and sister S——, where are you and whither are you going? I know that you are precious jewels of your God, and of late He has been trying you in the furnace of affliction. Tell me, while you have been down in that fiercy furnace seven times heated, have you seen the form of the Son of God there? Have you learned to esteem it a great privilege to be permitted to have fellowship with Christ in suffering? to glory in your infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon you? Oh the deep, deep knowledge of God the soul obtains when permitted to have such fellowship. To have the power of Christ rest upon us so that we are enabled to rejoice in tribulation, in suffering—this grace is given to the chosen ones of the Lord, to those who lie passive in His hands while he melts

and moulds them to His image. I feel jealous for the Lord of Hosts, intensely desiring and earnestly praying that I may get all the good of my afflictions. They have been sanctified to my good and I have through them learned so much, and had revealed to me so many of the deep things of God, that I cannot utter them. It is, indeed, bathing and being swallowed up in Him. Afflictions to me have been blessings in disguise; I have ever reaped from them the peaceable fruits of righteousness. My own experience has taught me to watch with interest the dealings of God with other souls. When I see a child of His in deep affliction then I know that God intends great good to that soul, and I pray, wait and wonder if it will reap all the good that God intends. Oh, that we might have the will of God done perfectly in us, as it is done in heaven, in every affliction and in every event of life. Why, my brother, my sister, we are but pilgrims here on earth; heaven is our home. I thank God that heaven is *my* home. At times I feel with Paul in a strait, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, yet for the glory of God I am perfectly willing to stay a while longer here; but when my Saviour calls me, how quickly shall I fly away to my home in heaven, to be forever with the Lord—forever with the Lord. "Ever yours till we meet above."

CHAPTER XII.

"That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ."—1 PETER i. 7.

"*July* 8. 'He who has learned to seek nothing but the will of God, shall always find what he seeks.'

"*July* 9. 'The Lord is never at a loss for an Egypt wherein to hide and try His people; an Egyptian bondage or hiding-place precedes usefulness and honor. Then fear not, thou worm Jacob, to go where Jesus went before thee, down into secrecy and humility; there thy growth will not cease—holy angels will minister to thee and guard thy path, while the Holy Spirit teacheth thee.'

"*Aug.* 2. *Sabbath morning.* My soul magnifies the Lord to find in James Renwick (the martyr) such a witness for this blessed faith, this perfect unwavering confidence in God. He says, 'Never compare your sufficiency with your work. Ye must look above sense, and act faith in His omnipotent power. Then, take heed to yourselves, and shift no duty, because of the sense of your weak-

ness; for if the Lord put you to work, *ere ye be not borne through with it, all the strength that is in heaven shall be forthcoming to you.* And it is one reason why the Lord sometimes lets His people see so much of there own weakness, that they may be made to flee unto Him, and make use of Him for their strength. And He allows His people to tell Him of all their weaknesses, and to have a deep sense of them upon their hearts; and this both maketh way for His power, and engageth His power to do for them. And who would not bless Him for this, that He takes such a way to get glory to Himself.'

"*July* 16. How much I love the will of God. I have no wish to go or to have or do, only that I see that it is His will. I have for days been listening to hear the voice of God respecting my leaving home for a short time. When I have the assurance that He will go before me in the 'pillar and cloud,' then I shall go; but if not, then I am perfectly happy to remain at home. My highest delight is doing and suffering the will of God.

"*Sep.* 26. 'As the heart panteth after the water-brooks so panteth my soul after thee, O God.' Nothing of this earth satisfies my longing soul. All my expectation, all my happiness, center in God. All my desires go out after Him. Truly I can say with Paul, 'I live, yet not I, but Christ

liveth in me.' How precious to commune with God—to walk and talk with Him. What is all of earth in comparison to one hour of deep communion with the skies? If fellowship and communion with God on earth is so precious—what will it be to be eternally shut in with Him? Very intensely do I love my adorable Saviour, and when my work is done on earth, how joyfully will this poor mortal put on immortality and be forever with the Lord. The Lord has special care over me; He is preciously near at all times. How delightful it is to breath out prayer for myself and others to God my Saviour who ever hears my faintest cry!

"*Oct.* 24. What triumphs of grace! What triumphs of grace! How shall I speak of them? How shall I most glorify God by making them known? The past year I have been groaning in agonizing prayer for a member of our family—the only son of my eldest brother. It has been a question in my mind, for months back, how far I was accountable to God for his conversion, and also my personal responsibility as regards my family connections and friends. For some months back, much to my grief, he not only manifested a disposition to turn into ridicule everything I said to him on the subject of religion, but plainly resisted and threw off my influence over him. Not-

withstanding this, I still deeply felt that God held me responsible for his soul. My only resort was prayer. For months I had been led to plead before God that the efforts of those who were laboring to destroy him, soul and body, might be frustrated. A few days since, while giving him some advice, he not only resisted my authority but spoke to me with much insolence. I told his father, who severely reproved him. But this did not release me; I was now led to pray for him as I had never prayed before. For three nights I scarcely closed my eyes so agonizing was my suffering in his behalf. I pleaded for his salvation as I would plead for my own soul. I asked for victory on the Lord's side. I pleaded the promises in the name of Jesus; yea, by the groans and the blood of Calvary, that my prayer for him might prevail. Heaven only knows how intense was my agony; the deep suffering I then endured was unutterable; but through grace I was enabled to take hold on the strength Divine. The third morning I found that my burden was all rolled on the Lord, and He clearly revealed to me that my prayer had prevailed. Jacob, pleading with the angel until the break of day, was not more clearly satisfied of obtaining the victory than was I. Heavenly peace filled my soul. I felt for days that I was treading on holy ground, with a

sacred awe and holy influence all around me. Now I firmly believed that the Lord had my nephew in His keeping, and that his soul would be saved. Immediately the effect was manifested; not that he was then converted, but very much changed and subdued. He would respectfully come to me and ask advice, and would kindly listen to all I said. His manner became gentle, yet he had not yet given his heart to the Lord; but the work was begun, and it will go on until he comes out and acknowledges himself on the Lord's side. It is all the Lord's work, let Him have all the glory. I have been for some years back disposed to question how far my faith should extend, how far I was responsible for the salvation of my immediate connections. I now see clearly and am perfectly satisfied that it extends to all the children of my brothers as well as to the only son of my sister."

LETTER.

"My Dear Sister J——,—I am not surprised that you have had your faith so severely tried; it is only a clear evidence that your God is indeed caring for you and leading you by His Spirit. We must be crushed and tried that our faith may take stronger and stronger hold on God. I much rejoice, dear sister, that you were enabled so to triumph in the midst of your afflictions. God

grant that brother J—— may get all the good designed by his illness; may his loving Saviour put His everlasting arms around and underneath him. I well know that God has you all in His tender care and keeping. Some great good will result from this affliction, only test the power of prayer. 'All things work together for good to them who love God.' My beloved sister, I confess it will be a cross for me not to see you before you go to B——, yet I could not see you for worlds only in God's will. You say that it is quite impossible for you to visit me now that your time is so short; we will leave it in the hands of our God; He will open the door if it be His will. I hope that after you are again settled at your home you will write to me of all the Lord's dealings with you of late. Since I last wrote to you I have had several heavy burdens of prayer; one that lasted three days and three nights. I understand what Luther suffered the night before he went to Worms; I understand what Knox suffered when he said, 'Give me Scotland, or I die.' O how such burdens of prayer do strengthen my faith. I lie in the dust and adore God. I have recently been greatly blessed of the Lord in a visit from brother L——. When we meet again I will tell you of the deep things of God that were then talked of.

"Remember me in much kindness to your dear husband and precious daughters.

"Ever yours till we meet above."

LETTER.

"My Dear Friend. How thankful I was to learn of the gracious dealings of God with you. I rejoice that you have so proved God a hearer of prayer. You have truly found that while down in the fiery furnace you realized the presence of One 'like to the Son of God!' The Lord's dealings with you have been very gracious in your afflictions. Your faith has been strengthened and you have been taught that childlike simplicity of trusting God in everything. Who can harm God's elect? If God be for us who can prevail against us? When we come in our extremity, as did Jacob of old, and cast our burden on the Lord, asking deliverance purely for the glory of God, He will hear and answer for Jesus' sake. Just as George Müller trusts God for means to feed thousands, so we should trust God for everything. Paul tells us, 'Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, make known your requests to God.' He will take care of you while

you live. As regards your husband, surely He will answer prayer. I would love to visit you; perhaps next summer it may be in my power so to do. My mother's health is still feeble, so that at present it is impossible for me to leave home.

"Ever yours."

CHAPTER XIII.

"Verily verily I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name. He will do it."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

"My Dear Friend,—When I received your last letter, I purposed replying to it very soon, but God ordered otherwise. The past six weeks I have been constantly occupied. Yesterday was the commencement of the week of prayer. How solemn and sublime the thought, that during the present week the children of God all over the earth, are engaged in united, earnest prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the reign of Christ on earth. There is something overwhelming in the thought that we poor worms of the dust are permitted to live and be co-workers with God in saving the world. It appears to me that no prayer is so great as that which asks that the will of God may be done on earth as it is done in heaven. It is the quintessence of all prayer. What corner of the earth does it not reach? What kingdom, nation, or individual does it not take in? Eternity alone will reveal to us its full import. It is the Holy Spirit in us, outbreathing again to God. You speak in your letter of having

'dead calms.' Your Father permits you to experience them for the trial of your faith, that you may learn not to depend on frames and feelings but trust God, feeling or no feeling. You know the Apostle says, 'Walk by faith and not by sight.' Your Father is disciplining you to live a life of faith. In trial, temptation, darkness, 'dead calm,' no matter what may be your feelings, still trust and stay yourself upon God. Then be not troubled, only constantly believe, for all things work together for good to them who love the Lord. You speak about the martyrs' sufferings. I think that if it was the will of God for you to die a martyr's death, you would have grace to do it; yes, and desire a martyr's crown just as intensely as did Paul. Many private and comparatively unknown Christians have endured more suffering than did even the martyrs. The martyrs had so much grace that they rejoiced in the midst of the flames. 'If we suffer, we shall also reign with him.' You know the hymn"—

"'Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there 's a crown for me.'

"I have for the past few days been thinking much of the 'exceeding great and precious promises.' They appear to me so blessed that I am not able to take in all their fullness; I feel oppressed and overwhelmed with their greatness."

LETTER.

"My Beloved Sister J——,—I cannot express the emotions of gratitude I felt when I received your last truly precious letter. I had for the last week longed to hear from you. The morning that you left us I remember, as I parted with you in the cars, saying, 'God be with thee!' In the after part of the day, when I heard of the accident on the train that you went in, I for a moment was anxious about you, yet instantly I remembered that I had committed you specially to the care of the Lord, and why should I be anxious? And when you told me in your letter how well you were cared for, I could but exclaim, How good the Lord is! What tender care he has over his chosen ones! I wonder not, my dear sister, that you still have trials of your faith; it is but to prepare you for your work, to lead you more and more to take hold on the strength of the Lord. Since I last saw you I have been drawn out in prayer for you—particularly for brother J.'s business. I believe the Lord will prove him-

self 'not slack concerning His promises.' Since receiving your letter I can with great urgency of spirit plead before God for you, and your God loves to prove and try his chosen ones, and then He does for them beyond all their highest expectations. Your visit with us, though brief, was a great blessing to our house. My mother greatly enjoyed your stay with us; my brother was deeply impressed with all you said. He has repeatedly since you left declared with deep emotion that he never before met with such a lovely Christian. It appears as if words fail him to express the high esteem he has for your Christian character. Your visit was especially blessed to me. Whenever I think of it I silently adore God for permitting you to visit me. You remember when you were at my house, I was speaking about my having such burdens of prayer. Soon after you left I was drawn out in prayer for our church and several other objects. I was pleading for them before the Lord, in the name of Jesus, when Satan came and said to me, 'you had better let the church and other objects alone and spend your strength in praying for a member of your family who has more need of your petitions.' I immediately replied, get thee behind me Satan; I will be obedient to the promptings of the Spirit and pray for those whom the Holy Spirit leads me to

pray for; I have no fear but what God will take care of all the members of my family. Then God by His blessed Spirit spoke to me again, more clearly than ever, revealing to me my privilege in prayer, and making known to me the greatness, the depth and the exceeding preciousness of the promises as I never before understood them. Yea, God said to me clearly, that although the Holy Spirit had so often aroused me to my privilege in prayer, and that I might take the promises and plead them in the name of Jesus, and whatever I asked would be granted, yet, after all this, I did not fully understand all my privilege in speaking to my heavenly Father, I did not fully comprehend all the deep meaning of the precious promises; that my privilege to plead them in the name of Jesus was unbounded. Oh that I had language to make known all that God revealed to me at this time. I was overwhelmed and oppressed with the revelation. I cried before the Lord for hours, O my God enlarge my faith's capacity; enable me to comprehend all that Thou meanest in thy precious Word! Since then I see a depth I never saw before.

"I have recently had a very precious conversation with our minister respecting the higher Christian life. I have also had a long conversation with brother B——. I told him some of my

late experience, and begged of him to join me in prayer for our church. But he could not exercise faith in that direction. I replied, brother B——, I have for years back begged of you to join me in believing for our church, but now I feel if you still refuse, no matter, I will plead alone before God if it *cost me my life.* Yes, our church will yet come up 'out of the wilderness leaning on the arm of her Beloved.' You know my sister, that for several winters past I have felt very deeply for our Zion. When I last visited brother S——, I told him how deeply I was feeling, saying that my feelings were like the heaving of the great ocean before a storm, and that I felt impressed with the conviction that I should have to endure great suffering for our church; that it would be like the agony of John Knox when he said, 'Give me Scotland or I die.' Well, sister J——, I now understand why I am shut in at my home this winter. The great burden of prayer for our church is now upon me. For days and nights I have been agonizing before God. It commenced in this way: Soon after God by His Spirit spoke to me this last time, as I have mentioned in the former part of this letter, I was led by the Holy Spirit to gather up the church and other causes, families and persons, and bring them before the Lord, saying, now my God I come! I come! I

come! in the name of Jesus I come pleading all the exceeding great and precious promises. Those were all the words I could utter—in the name of Jesus, I come! I come! and as I pleaded the name of Jesus, I cannot tell you what heavenly sweetness was in the name. A sacred silent awe filled my soul. This continued for some days. It appeared as if in spirit I was caught up in a cloud right over our town, and there was pleading before God. After this, for a day or two, I appeared to be reasoning with God. I would say, Hast Thou not so often impressed upon me my duty, my high privilege to pray to Thee? so plainly and so clearly revealed to me that I might come before Thee in the name of Jesus, pleading the precious promises, and whatever I asked should be granted? And then I would say, Is it not Thine own Spirit praying through me, even with groans that cannot be uttered? Wilt Thou not hear the out-breathings of Thine own Spirit? Then, when the burden would a little subside, I would be filled with emotions of praise that I was permitted to bear the burden of the Lord. O my sister, God does hear and is answering prayer for our cold, lifeless church. There is a movement among the dry bones. A number of the members have been quickened, many are repenting of their backslidings, others are crying for a clean heart.

"Remember me in much Christian love to the brother you mentioned in your letter. I desire much to become acquainted with him, as I love to know and have Christian sympathy with all those who stagger not at the promises of God. Remember me very kindly to your husband and precious daughters.

"Your sister in Christ."

CHAPTER XIII.

"My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad."

"*Feb.* 21. A few days since I received a letter from my niece, (the only daughter of my eldest brother,) telling me that she loved her Saviour. Some weeks since she had written to me of the progress that she was making in her studies. In my reply I told her of our gratification and said, that she in every way met our highest expectations and but one thing was wanting, that was for her to come out before the world and acknowledge herself a child of God; and I prayed God that I might live to see that day. Some weeks after this I received from her the following letter:

"'My dear Auntie,—I can now give you the delight of realizing your only remaining wish for me—to see me come out and profess that I love my Saviour. Oh, I do love Him with all my heart, and I feel that he has accepted me to be His child. Oh, how happy I am! My heart is running over with this new-found joy. Give all the glory to God. Eternity will be too short to

thank Him for this great gift. I cannot write any more. Pray for your loving niece.'

"When I received this letter, it appeared as if angels in heaven joined with me in ascribing all glory to the Lamb. It appeared that my eye of faith could see my sainted nephew amidst the heavenly throng, with loud Allelujas giving glory to the Lamb.

"*Feb.* 29. I have now to record, to the praise of God, the conversion of the only son of my eldest brother — the nephew for whom, some four months since, I agonized in prayer for three days and nights! 'Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.' Truly God is a hearer and answerer of prayer. We have but to come to God with earnestness of heart, pleading the promises in the name of Jesus, and as sure as God reigns so surely will our prayers be answered. I am encouraged to continue pleading before God. My niece after her conversion wrote a very touching letter to her brother, and as she closed she said to him, 'Must I go to heaven alone?' This pierced his heart, and so deeply did he feel his sins that he immediately went to his room and bowed before God, and there continued to pray until his sins were all forgiven and the peace of God filled his soul. Glory to the Lamb! I would lie in the dust and magnify my God and Saviour. O Holy

Spirit, continually inspire my prayer! 'What things soever ye desire, when ye pray believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' Most assuredly the Christian may believe so, when in prayer; for all true prayer is indicted by the Holy Ghost, and offered with His aid; 'there is no fear that God will not bestow what His Spirit stirs the believing heart to ask.' 'Prayer is so related to God's power as to call forth His energy upon particular subjects. With Him is the residue of the Spirit, and He will bestow it in proportion as He is asked. He has command of every approach to the human heart, and in ways unknown to us He can dispose men to certain courses in answer to prayer. The prayers of a parent in one continent may be answered on a son in another. It is for Him to find the means; provided He has given His word, He may be besought to perform it. Who can limit the Omnipotent? Cannot He do as He says? Let the believer find a promise touching a certain subject of prayer; let it be presented in effectual fervent supplication; let God be appealed to, to do as He has said, and the result is rolled on Him who has said, "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." Blessed be the One who said, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." The church must have

the great Worker to reach those who defy her appointed means of grace. With God doing as He says, she can overcome every possible combination of obstacles. Men walled in so as to keep the church out from them, may be reached by new powers infused into the ordinary appliances. "Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbable thou shalt become a plain." But even if human means are vain, God's own right arm remains. Let men be surrounded by barriers that keep the lonely Christian at a distance, let them entrench themselves against the artillery of truth, let them shout defiance to the hosts of God. Who shall raise an Alpine peak that God cannot surmount? Who can ward off the sharp arrows of the Mighty? Let him but assail them from above and they are won. Many a trophy for Christ has been secured when vain was the help of man.' 'Do we desire the presence of God among us? Pray for it. Do we wish the word to work effectually in the church? Pray that it may be so. Do we desire that our friends and neighbours may become the Lord's? Let our supplications take the form of an appeal to God to do as He has said about these things, and they will be done.'

"*March* 8. The Holy Spirit comes down to my feeble capacity, takes of the things of Christ and

reveals them unto me. I understand, as never before, what the Apostle meant when he said, 'Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.' When the Holy Spirit moves me to prayer, although I may be so burdened that sleep may be taken from my eyes, yet I must continue to plead, agonize, until I roll my burden on the Lord and have the witness that my prayer is heard. Then I can shout victory through the Lamb, *for all is safe!* and I can wait the Lord's time for the answer. With respect to the many burdens that I have thus cast on the Lord, I expect to know the answer of prayer when I go home to heaven. Thus have I rolled upon God the great burden of prayer that for so many years I have had, (but more particularly during the past winter,) for the church of which, since my early conversion, I have been a member. I now have the witness that that great burden is on the Lord. And just as surely as God lives, so surely will all my prayers be answered, and it will be at the time and way that will give most glory to God. Glory be to the Triune Jehovah that all my prayers for my church are now before Him! Amen, and Amen.

"It is a blessed privilege to cast our burden on the Lord and there leave it without any farther anxiety, and then go on our way rejoicing, ready to take up any other burden the Holy Spirit lays upon us. I think that many persons in some states of grace feel discouraged in their approaches to God because they realize that their faith is but weak. I would say to such, it is not so much the amount of faith we have in our approaches to God, but that we have faith at all. You know that the promise is, 'If we pray and do not faint!' Now if our faith is even so weak that we become discouraged, yet if we do not give up, but continue to plead until our burden is rolled upon the Lord, we may claim the promise. The Saviour says if we 'do the will of God we shall know of the doctrine.' Now, is it not doing the will of God to cast our burden upon the Lord? and when we thus cast the burden upon Him shall we not have the evidence that our prayer is heard, as did Jacob when he pleaded with the angel? Christ says, 'Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.' Does not that mean persevering prayer, pleading with God until He takes our burden? Thus let us continue—those who have but weak faith and those who are strong in the Lord—to prove and try our God, for thus He loves us to do. Glory be to

God that a worm of the dust may agonize with Him and prevail!"

LETTER.

"My beloved Sister,—I magnify the Lord that amidst such a complication of fiery trails you and brother J—— have had grace not only to hold on to God but to triumph in the midst of the fire. You judge rightly, dear sister, when you wonder if the Lord had not given me an intimation of your suffering. Yes, God has laid you all on my heart. Your going to B——, and brother J.'s discouragement respecting his business have moved me much. I have pleaded before God with great urgency of spirit for him, yourself and family. As I would hold you before the Lord, I would say, O Lord my God, let not their faith be put to confusion! At times my feelings have been such that I could only groan before God. I have felt a sorrow for you that I could not account for until I received your last letter. Since then I have been bowed in spirit before the Lord for you, and agonized for you as for my own soul. I so suffer in spirit for you, that Jesus whispers to me, 'For the hurt of the daughter of my people am I hurt.' As I was thus holding you before the Lord, I pleaded the promise, 'If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye

will, and it shall be done unto you.' Nothing is impossible with God. 'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.' 'The hearts of men are in the hands of the Lord to turn as the rivers of water.' 'All things are possible to him who believeth.' It appears to me that the very sufferings and trials of your faith through which you have lately passed have pledged God more fully in your behalf. I believe that your triumphs will far exceed your sufferings. It was a triumph when you were led to ask, 'Is Satan to be permitted to triumph in this house?' and the answer came instantly, 'The Lord God shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly.' It is our right to ask that Christ shall reign were we dwell, but oh what contests with the powers of darkness are the chosen ones of God called to pass through, when great good is to be accomplished, when the will of God is to be done and His name glorified.

"I have learned a new lesson this winter; it is that I have nothing to do with results; my part is to be obedient and then rest quietly in God, or, in other words, when the burden of the Lord is upon me, it is for me to plead and agonize until my burden is rolled on Him and there leave it, knowing that God will answer in His own time and in such way as will most glorify His own name. Your sister in Christ."

CHAPTER XIV.

"The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show Himself strong in behalf of them whose hearts are perfect toward Him."

"*May* 20. Truly our Heavenly Father is a covenant-keeping God, true to His promises, and He gloriously delivers His chosen ones who entirely trust in Him. Oh how precious it is to trust *implicitly* in the dark hours of affliction and terrific trial! I rejoice to lie in the dust, and adore my covenant-keeping God.

"My faith has been greatly cheered by receiving an account from a dear Christian, of wonderful triumphs of faith and victories through Christ. Ride on, thou all-conquering Jesus, ride on, whose right it is to reign! 'When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.'"

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

"My beloved Sister,—I cannot express the deep emotion of my heart as I read your last precious letter. It was like the food of Elijah, upon the strength of which I could go forty days and

rights. I felt for a long time, and indeed still feel, whenever my mind recurs to it, that I can do nothing but join with Moses and Miriam in their song of triumph: 'Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.' 'Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power; thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy.' It has confirmed and strengthened my faith to see you come out of your terrific trial so triumphantly in the Lord. Have you not proved more clearly than ever that our God is a covenant-keeping God? No matter how dark the hour, or unfavorable the circumstances, yet if we throw ourselves on the promises of God and put Him to the test, He will remove mountains of difficulties, yea, exert as much power in our behalf as would be necessary to create a world!

"My sister, I magnify with you the name of the Lord, and say, 'Jehovah has triumphed, His people are free.' Respecting the terrible conflicts through which you have been called to pass in that place, and the remarkable triumphs the Lord has given you, it is to my mind a pledge that God designs great good to be done there. Do you not remember in reading the life of Mrs. Fletcher something like the following: 'Where great good is to be done, where great glory is to

be accomplished for God, the sentence of death is first placed upon the circumstance.' This is revealed to and experienced by those who know what it is to have fellowship with Christ in suffering; yea, to be buried in baptism for the dead. More and more I hail you in the Lord, more and more clearly do I realize that you are indeed a chosen vessel of the Lord, and that great good is to be accomplished through your instrumentality. Let us lie in the dust and magnify the name of the Lord."

JOURNAL.

'*May* 12. *Sunday.*—For many days past I have had strong desires to lie lower and lower under the Cross. No language can express the emotion of deep self-abasement that I feel at such times. The single cry of my heart is, Oh, that I may lie lower in the dust before Thee, great God! Sometimes Satan is allowed for days to cast his fiery darts at me, which sink me lower before the Lord. At other times I am led by the Spirit into deep trials and afflictions, which tend to give me greater depths of humility. While thus in the dust, He lays upon me burdens of prayer, and for days I groan in spirit before God. I realize that 'it is not with flesh and blood' I am called to wrestle, 'but against principalities, against powers,

against spiritual wickedness in high places.' I hunger for souls, and can plead for my friends and the world at large as if pleading for my own soul. With what boldness may we come before the Throne when pleading for the salvation of a soul for whom Christ died! The word of God tells us that He desires the salvation of every soul of man: then may we not with great urgency of spirit bring our requests unto the Lord? All we have to do is to come in the appointed way, with true sincerity and deep humility of heart, pleading the promises in the name of Jesus, and He cannot deny Himself. He will answer our petitions, for Jesus intercedes, while the Holy Spirit prays through us worms of the dust. Oh that while I live I may more and more avail myself of my high privilege in prayer!

"*May* 26. How strengthening it is to remember that there is nothing impossible with God. When He has a work for me to do, the Holy Spirit goes before me, preparing my way; I have but to be obedient to the voice of God, and speak as I have utterance given me. When I am not permitted to approach persons because of their prejudices, then I can plead with God to speak directly to them by his Holy Spirit.

"*July* 24. Since I have lived in the enjoyment of full salvation, how often have I been led to say

to my Christian friends, that every prayer I offered to God would be answered. It may be asked, what warrant I have for making such a bold assertion? I reply, that the Scriptures gives me the warrant. 'Whatever is in accordance with the will of God, will be done.' 'My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.' Through grace I desire nothing but the will of God; then, when my heart goes out in prayer, it is but the breathings of the Holy Spirit through me; and will not God hear the groanings of His own Spirit? Will He not hear the petitions that the Holy Spirit inspires? Yes, He will hear 'His own elect, who cry day and night unto Him.' Wayland, that holy man of God, says, 'Just in proportion as we abide in the love of Christ, and His words abide in us, His Spirit dwells within us, teaching us how to pray and what to pray for. The desires which the Spirit of God kindles in the soul must be according to the will of God.'

"*Aug.* 31. For many days I have been lying in the dust before God, and the one burden of my heart has been for more power with Him in prayer. The panting of my soul after this is like the hart panting after the water brooks. It appears to me that I ask no greater boon from my Heavenly

Father than that I may have grace to take stronger and stronger hold on Him in prayer the short time I have to live on earth. I have no language to express the great burden I continually bear for souls, and the responsibility I feel for the salvation of those around me. May the power of Christ thus continually rest upon me, that there may be a divine influence going out from me every moment of my life, that cannot be gainsaid or resisted? I desire to gather up all the precious promises and hold them, yea, rest upon and plead them in the name of Jesus. I know and deeply feel that it is the promptings of the Spirit that gives me such ardent desires after God. I know, too, that the breathings of the Holy Spirit will be answered. Oh that I had language to express the deep things of God which I am continually taught by the Holy Spirit! How precious, how glorious it is to walk and talk with God!"

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

"My beloved Sister, — 'Man deviseth his ways but God directeth his steps.' My movements are so very different from what I anticipate or think of but a short time before moving or acting, that I sometimes think of myself as a

mere machine propelled by an unseen power. When I last wrote you I fully anticipated seeing you before this time, but my Heavenly Father has directed otherwise. His will be done.

"My niece returned from school exhausted by study, so that it was thought best for her to spend a few weeks at the sea-shore before her return to school, and a necessity seemed to be laid upon me to accompany her to this place; we are now stopping at one of the boarding-houses. My own health as well as hers will, I know, be greatly benefited by sea-bathing. Whatever other purposes God has to accomplish by my being here, time or eternity will reveal; it is enough for me to know that God directs my steps. It appears to me, sister, that my desire to see you is like that of one desiring food. I very much wish to talk over with you past experiences, past trials and triumphs. Did you notice in the 'Guide' the article headed 'Sanctified Sorrow,' written by Mrs. A. F.? Do you know of her experience? I cannot tell you how much I desire to become acquainted with those who enter the highway of holiness through intense affliction, who know what it is to drink in some little measure, of the cup which Christ drank, thus having fellowship with Him in suffering. We overcome through Christ, but they whom God has appointed to accomplish great

good must engage in severe conflicts with the evil one.

"I rejoiced in reading your last letter to learn that the purposes of God respecting your going to B—— were so fully developed, and said with Elizabeth of old, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord.' Perhaps sometime during the fall or winter I may be permitted to spend a few days with you. I desire much to see you and I know that my loving Father will at the best time gratify this desire.

"Yours in the love of Christ."

JOURNAL.

"*Dec.* 22. 'Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.' I ardently desire that God's will may be done in every event or circumstance of my life, be it great or small. My soul rejoices in God's will. No matter what sorrow or affliction I may be called to endure, so I realize it as His will, my soul doth magnify the Lord. I love to pray as I am moved by the Holy Spirit. Father, let thy will be done; let thy name be glorified! For many weeks back I have been awakened at three and four o'clock in the morning with a burden of prayer upon me; I groan out my requests before God; few are my words, it is 'groaning that can-

not be uttered.' I am thankful that I live and can pray."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

"My dear Friend,—I was rejoiced to learn from your last letter of the tender dealings of the Lord with you. How good and kind is our Heavenly Father! In remembering our many mercies may we not exclaim with David, 'Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men.' Let us continue to plead before the Lord for your husband, believing that God hears and will answer our prayer. Nothing is impossible with God. 'According to thy faith be it unto thee.' Let us believe, pray, and never faint.

"As to the terrible war into which we are plunged, God is speaking to us as a nation to humble us for our national sins. When we deeply feel this, and humble ourselves before God, then He will help us, then will our war cease. There is nothing like suffering to bring an individual or a nation into the dust before the Lord. Never did I so exceedingly rejoice that 'the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth,' and my prayer is, 'that the wrath of man may be made to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath restrained.'"

JOURNAL.

"*Dec.* 29. 'I adore the purposes of God without knowing them.' Deal out to me O God Thy will, be it sorrow or joy. Give me a bed of roses or thorns as will most glorify Thy name. I adore Thy will.

"*Jan.* 4. For days I have been burdened with intense agonizing prayer; words fail to give utterance to my desires. As I lie in the dust before God, the Holy Spirit does indeed plead through me with groanings that cannot be uttered. I realize that my soul waits upon God, and I desire to test the power of prayer, to ask in the name of Jesus for all that our covenant-keeping God can give. The feeling oppresses and overwhelms me. As I come before the Lord, I behold Him as a covenant-keeping God, and the promises loom up before me so full, so exceeding precious, and I know that Jesus is interceding while the Holy Spirit pleads through me! Oh the deep burden of soul that I feel. May the power of God rest upon me more and more as I near the heavenly shore."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

"My Beloved Sister,—What shall I say to to you? for I cannot express on paper all that I would love to talk over with you. When I re-

ceived your last letter, saying that you would be in N—— on the next Tuesday, desiring me to meet you at Mrs. ——'s, I at once prepared to accept the appointment. It stormed on that day, and it was clear to my mind that it was not the will of God for us to meet at that time. I cannot express how much I enjoyed the letter you wrote me from T——. When I came to that part in which you spoke of your circumstances, of your husband's discouraging prospects in business, of being again surrounded by clouds and darkness, my heart sank within me, I bowed before God in deep agony of soul, and said to my heavenly Father, 'Thou art a covenant-keeping God, and here are Thy chosen ones. I present them before Thee; the riches of this world are Thine; oh provide for Thy covenant-people. Why, oh why are they in such straits?' Then God spoke to me just as clearly as if it had been with an audible voice, and said, that 'it was necessary for you both thus to suffer and be tried, that the power of Christ might rest upon you; but that you should never come to want; that your bread and water were sure.' My soul then rejoiced for you. I cannot tell you how precious you and yours are in the sight of the Lord. Glory be to God, that He has you in His holy care and keeping! When it is God's will, I shall greatly enjoy meeting you all.

I am learning more and more of God—new beauties, new glories continually open up before me. I now have grace to lay hold on the promises with a power beyond all my previous experience. I am so sensible of God's power and willingness to give in answer to prayer, that I am overwhelmed, and am only able to groan out my petitions. Oh that I had words to explain all that I feel and know of the power of prayer! Sometimes, when I realize how highly privileged I am, that I can thus prevail with God, my soul so goes out after Him, that it appears as if my spirit would break through the bars of my mortal body and be clothed with immortality. Oh, the immensity of God! And yet what communion we have with Him as our loving Father; but it is in language that earth cannot understand. It is no idle word when I say that my soul exults in God; and how often I pray that utterance may be given me, that I may make known to others the deep things revealed to me by the Spirit."

CHAPTER XV.

"The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open unto their cry."

"*Jan.* 13. What shall I write of my experience? I can only say, *prayer*, *prayer*, one continued, agonizing burden of prayer for days that have passed. This morning I was awakened at three o'clock with a burden of supplication upon me. I continued to groan out my desires to God until it was light, and then all through the day my soul has been bowed in deep, earnest supplication. The burden of my petition is, that the will of God may be done in my immediate family, with my friends, and the world at large. My soul pants after God. Glorify Thine own name, thou King of kings and Lord of lords!

"*Feb.* 2. Adelaide Newton, writing to a friend respecting the guidance of the Holy Spirit, says, 'The subject you mention, of guidance, is one on which I feel strongly. Don't you think that, wherever guidance is honestly and simply sought, it is *certainly given?* As to our discernment of it, I believe it depends on the measure in which we are walking in the light. One indulged sin

so clouds the sky, that to see what God is doing is impossible.'"

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

"First let me commence about your cousin for whom you asked my prayers some weeks since. He is deeply exercised about his soul's salvation. His aunt has had one or more deeply interesting conversations with him. He asked questions, and listened to her remarks like one hearing truth for the first time. I have much desired that you might be with him. Do you not hear the Holy Spirit bidding you come to ——? I believe that your cousin will come out a decided Christian, but his mind is still darkened by sin. May the light of the Holy Spirit shine upon him, that the way of salvation may become clear to him; that he may discern the reality of things unseen and eternal! God can and will speak directly by his Holy Spirit—that Spirit which loves to shine through us worms of the dust. We must believe, and show our faith by our works.

"*Feb.* 19. Glory be to the Father, glory be to the Son, and glory be to the Holy Ghost, that I am permitted to bear the burden of the Lord, to plead continually as I am moved by the Holy Spirit. I hunger for souls, and I know that in answer to the prayer of faith, the Spirit will quicken the

hearts of formal professors, will move the hearts of the children of men to turn to God. I am bowed down to see those about me who have taken upon themselves the vows of God, yet living in conformity to the world. I weep between the porch and the altar. I deeply feel that what I have to do I must do quickly. O Holy Spirit continually move my heart to deep, earnest prayer! Glory be to God that I can come before him with perfect confidence, staggering not at the promises, well knowing that my heavenly Father is even more willing to give than I am to ask."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

"My Dear Friend,—I wondered to learn by your last letter that you had again been suffering so long and so severely from illness, and have been thinking what work, what mission in heaven was God preparing you for? I rejoice to believe that through trial and suffering we not only become more Christ-like, and thus enabled to do God's will more perfectly here on earth, but we are also disciplined for our mission in glory, for the employments of heaven. From these poor, feeble suffering bodies which so clog our spirits here, we shall then be free, 'this mortal shall put on immortality.' Then 'what heights of rapture shall we know when round His throne we meet.' I

have always felt that you were a companion formed for heaven; that our acquaintance commenced here will be consummated in glory. May you have grace to triumph in all the trials of life! May God greatly bless you and your husband and prepare you for a rich inheritance in glory!"

EXTRACT.

"*Feb.* 25. It is hardly known yet what man can do when his Maker contends for him and fights through him; all the temptations which Joseph and Daniel vanquished, and found their demolished strength replaced by sweetness; the terror of God which a solitary Elijah or John the Baptist struck into an idolatrous or hypocritical generation; the water of life which Paul and Silas and Timothy carried into the midst of a dying world through pain and peril, through bitter mockings and daily deaths—all these moral triumphs and religious trophies are earnests and examples of what may be done by man when, through Christ strengthening, man is rendered superhuman."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

"My Beloved Sister,—How I rejoiced in the Lord while reading your letter. Truly the Lord is leading you and yours by a way that you knew

not. How true it is that God's care over us is according to our trust and confidence in Him. In the hour of deep darkness, when storms rage around us, and to our human sight all is lost, yet if we still cling to our divine Redeemer, still believe, *God will surely deliver us;* 'we are more than conquerors through Him who hath loved us and given Himself for us.' Such faith is well pleasing in the sight of God. 'According to your faith be it unto you.' 'Have faith in God.' The Lord has been leading you of late into this *night of faith*, and oh how sweetly, how gloriously will our covenant-keeping God yet bring your husband and yourself through all your difficulties and trials and get great glory to His name. My dear sister, how much I desire to see you and once more commune with you of the deep things of God."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

"DEAR FRIEND,—How mysterious at times are the dealings of God with His dear children; yet in the light of eternity all will be made plain, and much of that eternity will be occupied with praises to God for our trials and sufferings on earth. You spoke in your last letter respecting your pastor joining with you in praying for the conversion of your husband, that he might be con-

verted during the present year, and requesting me to join with you in offering the same petition. I cheerfully and heartily join with you in praying and believing for your husband's conversion, but I never dare to plan for God as to time or way in which my prayers shall be answered. When I plead for a soul to be saved, I ask in the name of Jesus, and alone for His glory. Thus I continue to look to God, fully believing my loving Father hears and will in his own time answer my prayer, and in a way which will bring most glory to His name. The promise is to those who 'pray and not faint.' The great reason why so many Christians are discouraged in their approaches to God is because they are not willing to wait His time, nor are they willing to have their prayers answered except they plan themselves. If such Christians would only accustom themselves to wait upon God in prayer, desiring nothing but His will, they would find that He would often answer while they were yet speaking. When the will is lost in God we desire nothing but Himself."

EXTRACTS.

"*May* 21. 'The true way to have our faith strengthened is not to consider the difficulties in the way of the thing promised, but the char-

acter and resources of God, who has made the promise.'

"'It is as possible for faith to be strong when the thing promised is most improbable as when it is probable. Abraham's faith should serve as an example and admonition.'

"'To believe the divine declarations is the highest honor we can render to God, and to disbelieve them is a great offence to the divine majesty.' (Compare John v. 10.)—*Hodge.*

"'One thing. Everything I meet with seems to carry the voice with it, "Go thou and preach the Gospel; be a pilgrim on earth; have no party or certain dwelling place." My heart echoes back, Lord Jesus, help me to do or suffer thy will. When thou seest me in danger of nestling, in pity, in tender pity, put a thorn in my nest, to prevent me from it.'"—*Whitefield.*

"*Sept.* 10. Since I last wrote in my journal, death has again entered our family, and called away the only son of my eldest brother. It was the one whose soul the Lord laid upon me—a burden which lasted three days and nights, when God gave me the assurance that his soul would be saved. Four weeks after that time he gave his heart to the Lord, joined the church, lived a Christian one year and a-half, when God his Fa-

ther suadenly called him from earth to heaven. Oh that God's will in this event may be fully done and His name glorified. May he in his death slay more than in his life! 'God reigns, let the earth rejoice.'"

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

"My Dear Friend,—I cannot express how delighted I was to receive a letter from you. Since I last saw you, you have often been in my thoughts; often have I lifted my heart in prayer for you, and the one who is the object of such deep interest to you. I desire much to see you and enjoy again Christian communion with you. Oh how I love to talk of heavenly things with those who love my Saviour. Respecting Dr. ——, for whom you agreed to pray, claiming the promise that 'if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven,' I believe that God does hear and will answer our prayer in his behalf. I think what you write of the change in him already, is encouraging. Let us continue to hold his case before the Lord until he is clearly, truly converted. 'All things are possible to him who believes.' Do not be discouraged in your approaches to God; remember that you are pleading in Christ's name

for a soul for whom God gave his only begotten Son. His conversion will bring great glory to God. Then let us come boldly to the throne of grace, for God will 'hear his own elect who cry day and night unto Him.'"

CHAPTER XVI.

"I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

LETTER.

"Rev. and Dear Brother,—I desire much to tell you of the dealings of God with me of late. I cannot on paper tell you of the many glorious answers to prayer, or the numerous conflicts met and victories won. I am constantly led to exclaim, 'Glory be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' What I desire more particularly to speak of now, is the way that I have been exercised this winter respecting the power of prayer. I have felt moved to test this power as I never did before. The query in my mind is and has been for months past, Why may I not ask of God all, *all* that is in His power to give? It matters not how insignificant a worm of the dust I am; it is only that I come before God in the required way, clothed in Christ's righteousness, pleading the divine promise in Jesus' name. God will not deny Himself. Then why not prove Him? why not test Him? why not? why not? This is the way I have been moved to plead this winter. I am so overwhelmed

with the magnitude of this coming before God, that for days I just groan out my desires. I realize truly that the Holy Spirit pleads through me with groaning which cannot be uttered. O brother ——, thoughts loom up and fill my mind to which I cannot give utterance. We who lie at the foot of the cross, who stagger not at the promises, shall we not prove God as He bids us? Can we in any way better please our Heavenly Father? Will you give me your thoughts on this subject as you are moved by the Holy Spirit?

"Your sister in Christ."

A LETTER TO THE SAME PERSON.

"REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,—As I read and re-read your letter my soul magnified the name of the Lord. In reply I will ask some questions and then continue in writing as I am moved by the blessed Spirit. When the will is wholly lost in God and self is entirely destroyed, there is no more desire or choice, for God's will is the only desire of the soul. Such a soul has a rest in Christ which no event or circumstance can disturb. But, brother, will not the Holy Spirit still pray through such a soul with groaning which cannot be uttered? Will not such a soul bear the burden of the Lord and have fellowship with Christ in suffering? May not such a soul be buried in baptism for the

dead? and suffer as if bearing their sins and unbelief? These are queries that have occupied my mind for some time past, and this is why you were prompted to reply to my last letter as you did. But, notwithstanding that letter, I still feel moved to write farther on this same subject. You say in your letter that '"Thy will be done" is the sum and soul of all prayer.' In answer, I reply: Very true I deeply realize it. But, my brother, may not those whose wills are wholly lost in God offer even that prayer with *different degrees of faith?* So it appears to my mind. I am sure that the Holy Spirit moved me to ask of God all the faith it was in His power to give me, or, in other words, I desired of God all the power in prayer that He could bestow. The Holy Spirit alone inspired that prayer. God will yield to the pleadings of His own Spirit. I do believe that this grace now rests upon me. I dare not hide Christ's righteousness in my heart. Let the name of the Lord be magnified. You know that I have before mentioned to you that I was fully convinced my mission on earth was prayer. I am continually stirred by the Holy Spirit. It appears as if my whole being was concentrated on this point. Such is the weight and so great is the burden of prayer that is at times laid upon me, that I feel as if I could no longer stay in the body. Some-

times I appear to be panting after God, while no desire or utterance is given me in words. At other times, when bearing the burden of souls which are steeped in sin and resist God, I suffer and am bowed down in great agony of soul until power is given to roll all my burden on the Lord. Then I am filled with praise and adoration. How much I desire to see you, as I could express myself more clearly in conversation than in writing; but my Heavenly Father does not permit this desire to be gratified at the present time; the will of God be done. Your sister in Christ."

REPLY TO THE ABOVE LETTER.

"My dear Sister,—Yours of the 29th is before me. The soul that rests in Christ, and is therefore beyond the power of any earthly circumstances to disturb, must still be an organ of God, a medium, a 'priest' between Him and this lost and dead world. The soul must first be brought to rest in Him itself, made a member of His body, joined and adjusted, with the living channels of nerve and artery in full play from the heart and brain of the great '*Head*' before we are 'meet for the *Master's use.*' Then comes its work of mediation and priesthood which from its very nature involves us in the sufferings of Christ. To such it is given to 'suffer with Him'

—to fill up that which is behind. Hence the 'agony'—the 'groanings which cannot be uttered,' and all this through or by the Eternal Spirit by which He offered himself to God. It is nothing less than giving our *souls* as well as bodies a living sacrifice for those who are 'steeped in sin.' But as 'Thy will be done' is the *sum of all prayer* 'may it not be *offered* with *different degrees of faith?*' Most assuredly. The will of God is as infinite as God Himself. Now faith is an embracement, or a willing acceptance of this will as far *as it is revealed to* us,—manifests its practical bearings upon us. This is all couched in the prayer, 'Thy will be done.' Still you see it is limited to the degree of manifestation. Hence the soul that sees most of this will (the object of faith) and embraces it, exercises most faith—the greatest '*degree of faith.*' And thus we go from faith to faith increasing in the knowledge of His will. In some sense a *perfect faith* consists in a cordial embracement of His will as made known in its bearing in and upon us moment by moment. Now as God has moved you to 'earnestly covet the best gift'—that of the priesthood—constituting you 'called of God as was Aaron,' and investing you with the deep sympathies and powers of *an intercessor* for the people, may He enable you to be *found faithful.* The 'calling' is a fear-

ful one, nothing less than the giving of the '*soul a sacrifice*,' which involves 'burdens of the Lord' with baptisms of sufferings and agonies untold, at whatever time, in whatever degree, and of whatever sort the Father may choose. You must now work His works; drink the cup He shall give, and this without release until you can cry, 'It is finished.'

"I would like to see you face to face, but we are in the same spiritual kingdom and commune with the same fountain through the same Mediator. Hence we have the same joy, the same faith and the same glory and life. God be praised who makes us one in Christ Jesus, in whom there is neither male nor female, bond nor free, Jew nor Gentile.

"Yours affectionately in Christ Jesus."

REPLY.

"REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,—'As the hart panteth after the water brooks,' so for the past twelve years has my soul panted to do the whole will of God—to answer the end for which I was created. The Holy Spirit has chosen to speak through you, my brother, and make clear to my mind and understanding all that is comprehended in my mission here on earth. After reading your letter, with deep emotion of soul, I said to my loving

Father, 'Lo, I come to do thy will, O God!' The desire had been so ardent to understand all that God required of me, that I appeared for the time being to forget that my mission on earth involved still greater and more intense suffering. But thanks be to God, my brother, after reading your letter, I felt no disposition to draw back; but down deep, deep in my heart I responded, 'Amen, Lord Jesus, so let it be!' By the grace of God, I am wholly abandoned to God, body, soul and spirit. 'I adore the purposes of God without knowing them.' Yes, I love the will of God, let it bring me ease or pain, joy or grief, life or death. The only boon I ask is grace to triumph, and that I know will be constantly given me. Some fifteen years ago, when I first entered into this higher Christian life—this perfect union with God's will—the voice of God to me was, 'I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.' The crucifixion of my will was *terrific:* yes, I think that I understand all that the martyrs endured at the stake; but when my will was lost in the Divine will, I adored God for all the suffering that I had endured. I soon found that to be kept in perfect union with God it was necessary for me to endure, almost constantly, what the world calls suffering. But grace was soon given me, so that I felt it a high privilege to have fellowship with

Christ in suffering. And now, more fully understanding that greater sufferings are before me, I can truly say, *Amen!* I adore thy will, O God!

"Your Sister in Christ."

Little did I suppose, when this correspondence with my esteemed brother was passing, that the yearnings of my heart which prompted earnest pleadings for more enlarged faith in God, and agonizing efforts for closer union with Christ my Head, were but the baptism for sufferings and agonies keener, more intense, and more peculiar than any heretofore experienced, and needing the closest sympathy through every channel of my soul with my suffering Master, to sustain me in a new trial of my faith; taxing all the powers of soul and body in my fearful calling to stand between the living and the dead. God has caused me to pass through trials of my faith so severe, I could truly say, "my soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death," and with mournful pleadings have I besought my Father to strengthen my frail body to suffer all the will of God, that His work might be fully accomplished in me. He has enabled me to hang on the naked promise, trusting God, daring to believe His word without any evidence, "in hope believing against hope."

Here let me close the brief record of God's

dealings with my soul. Language fails to portray this inner life. Known only to God are my sufferings and the mighty triumphs of His grace. I more and more esteem it my privilege to have fellowship with Christ in suffering, to bear the burden of the Lord, thus being a co-worker with God in saving souls. What depth of humility do I experience! At times I have longings before God for greater depths, even as the hart panteth after the water brooks. A sense of nothingness so overpowers me at times that I wonder my friends at all regard me or in any way notice me; and am quieted only by remembering that it is *Christ in me that attracts or interests them.* I now have sympathy with the experience of Count De Reuty as I never had before. Years ago, when I read his experience, I in a great measure repelled it, thinking his peculiarities were influenced by his Romish teachings and prejudices. But now I can understand that it was really and truly his deep humility before God that prompted him thus to renounce his titles of nobility and humble himself before his fellow-men. Religious experience in advance of us is always a mystery until we attain to it. I am continually realizing greater depths in these experiences through suffering; sinking deeper and deeper into God, "through the weight of Divine love, like a weight cast into

a bottomless sea, which continues to sink without ever reaching the end." More and more am I learning the lesson of rejoicing in suffering; "counting it all joy when I fall into temptation;" truly realizing that the "trial of my faith is more precious than that of gold which perisheth." Passing through these trials of faith my soul is enlarged, my faith's capacities are increased to take in more and more of God's will. What heights and depths are revealed to me! "Who by searching can find out God?" but oh how gloriously does faith in Jesus reveal Him unto us! I would love to tell more of the power of prayer; how "PRAYER IN THE NAME OF JESUS UNLOCKS THE TREASURY OF GOD," and how I am held through the Holy Spirit in silent audience before God hour after hour (like the needle to the pole, without any effort of mind) *for souls, for souls!* This is my *life-work;* this is my *mission on earth thus to plead before God for the souls of men.*

As I close these fragments and give them for publication, I am conscious of no other motive than to do good. The religious experiences of others have greatly benefitted me; perhaps mine may also prove of service to those who are seeking the higher life; but deeper than ever is the intense desire to be "little and unknown, loved and prized by God alone." May the Holy Spirit

take of the things of God, and reveal them unto all who read these pages. May God be glorified, and His grace made manifest by this humble effort, is my earnest prayer.

THE END.